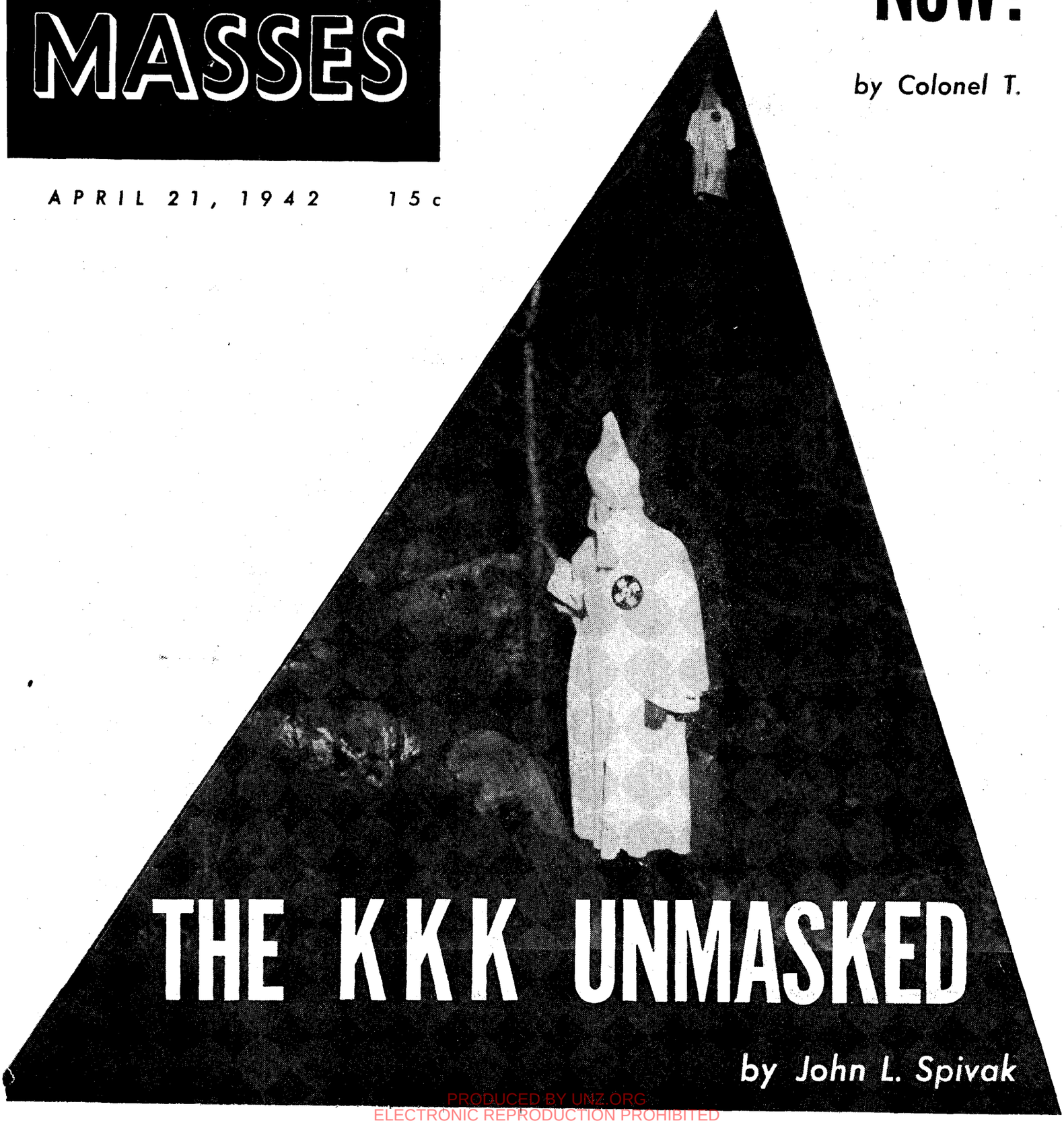
★NEW MASSES

APRIL 21, 1942 15c

HITLER'S NIGHTMARE: A WESTERN FRONT NOW!

by Colonel T.



THE KKK UNMASKED

by John L. Spivak

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WILLIAM BLAKE

Dear Fellow Reader of New Masses:

As an old friend of New Masses I ask every American who cherishes our democracy to aid this publication without stint. It so happens I am somewhat familiar with monetary matters, and when the editors showed me the accountant's report the magazine's financial plight became painfully clear to me. It is even graver than they have portrayed. Furthermore, it is engaged in a battle for its salvation against a millionaire intent on its destruction. That combination of perils transforms the problem of New Masses into one that far transcends the concern of its staff; it is a problem that must be faced by all of us who love culture and justice.

New Masses has for three decades been the richest source of American innovation. Art and letters are indebted to it as much as politics. Its influence has shaped a generation; thousands of those who dissent from its specific political ideas have been moulded by it more than they dream. Were it not to exist, they would slowly lose the democratic force they have, for, by creating a new current of ideas which ultimately influence them, the New Masses is their acknowledged mentor. In this grey hour of our national history, let all Americans remember with gratitude the magazine that has shown them unflinching devotion to the truth. What Mr. Cromwell has done to compare with it in prescience I don't know; I doubt if the question need be asked.

Sustain the New Masses. It is the light without which we may stumble into the quagmire of reaction. We cannot dare to lose it. Act at once!

William Blake

The author of *An American Looks at Karl Marx* is indeed "familiar with monetary matters." And the author of *The Copperheads,* we needn't tell you, knows how a magazine like ours grates on the Vallandighams of today. We are glad he wrote the above letter: we hope you will appreciate it as we did. We can only add that the magazine continues in deep peril. So far but $7,728 of the $40,000 we need to survive has been received.

Will you help sustain "the light without which we may stumble into the quagmire"? We await your answer.

(Please fill out the coupon on page 30)

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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After Bataan

by the Editors

ON THE face of it, it may appear just a coincidence that the issue of an offensive in Europe this spring and summer should be rising to public consciousness in the very week that American and Filipino soldiers were being forced off the peninsula of Bataan in the faraway Pacific. But there is a living and powerful significant connection between the two events.

For one thing, the ninety-eight-day epic of American men and women defending themselves against bitter odds and without hope of reinforcement could not have been possible without a healthy will-to-struggle, which is surging up from our people. Only men who know they're in a fight for keeps, not only for their lives but for their country's honor and for humanity's cause—only such men could have withstood the incredible hardships of Bataan. This is the spirit of America, a tough, unrelenting spirit, vigorous in its very nature and eager for action.

Secondly, the epic of Bataan would not have been possible unless the relationship of allies had developed between American and Filipino soldiers. Not the cancer of Malaya, not the obvious bitterness with which many Burmese have harassed the British defenders, but a comradeship born of mutual respect, a fraternal alliance based on the knowledge that America stands for Philippine freedom in a free world—that is what sustained such different peoples and different traditions in their back-to-the-wall resistance at Bataan.

And both qualities, the vigorous will-to-fight and the realization that Americans have allies who are our equals, and want to fight this war with us in the spirit of united efforts—these are the elements which underlie the chief problem of the war, the issue of a British and American offensive.

Significantly also, millions of Americans turned their eyes toward Europe even as they gritted their teeth in determination to avenge Bataan. They understand that the war is being fought in a world that is round. For we cannot avenge our 36,000 men of Bataan by an offensive in the Pacific—not in the very near future. But we can avenge Bataan, and demonstrate to the world the stuff Americans are made of, we can prove ourselves worthy of our allies by throwing our strength to those theaters of a truly world struggle where conditions of victory are ripest, where our chief enemy, our chief allies, our easiest lines of communication are. The Red Army, whom MacArthur of Bataan hailed; the British armed forces on the most powerful naval base in the world; the guerrillas under Draja Mihailovitch who spurn the Nazi appeal to surrender even though their families have been taken hostage; the brave Frenchmen of Brest, now under state of siege, the bishop of Bergrave in Norway defying the Quisling—a whole continent waits for us to match them.

WHETHER Harry Hopkins and Gen. George Marshall have flown to London in connection with this offensive, and whether as the newspaper stories report, they are bringing pressure on Churchill, would be hard to say for sure. At least it is true that when the British general staff officers came here in December, the decision was reached to project an offensive in 1943. That our own highest military officers and the President's chief adviser now find it necessary to visit London means, we hope, a change in the timetable, a realization that the greatest danger and the greatest opportunities of the war lie not at some distant future when our best allies have been crippled or lost, but *now*, this *spring* and this *summer*. In any case, just as the spirit of the British people must have been buoyed by the Hopkins-Marshall visit, so also for Americans the visit transcends what may be its literal meaning. It is symbolic of the American will-to-fight, of America's realization of the role of her allies, and will so be interpreted at home.

And the realization of how decisive 1942 is has been growing on all sides. It is expressed in the speeches of Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kernan, in the columns of Dorothy Thompson, in the conviction among many of our military men that unless Hitler is broken this summer, we may find it incredibly difficult to break him at all. It is expressed in the highly significant resolution of the New Jersey State CIO council for working relations with the Anglo-Soviet trade union committee. It is expressed in the ovations that the Soviet ambassador, Maxim Litvinov, has been getting everywhere he appears. And his speech in Philadelphia to the Academy of Political and Social Science marked the clearest statement yet made for the opening of new fronts, and especially the European front this summer.

It was a meaty address, which has to be read line for line. But some newspapers miss the whole point when they think that Litvinov is appealing in Russia's interest alone, or because Russia fears the coming spring and summer. They miss the point and the whole content of the Soviet Union's policy these last ten years. The world realizes now that Litvinov's appeal for collective security was not in the Soviet interest alone; it was in the world interest. And the Soviet treatment of fifth columnists was an example to the democratic world of what it had to do for the sake of its own interest. So now, the USSR urges a second front today, not only because the Russian front is decisive for the war, and certainly not because the Soviet Union feels itself unprepared or unwilling to shoulder Hitler's heavy blows—on the contrary, the USSR realizes that the second front is an urgent need for the whole war. It is vital for those who want to save the Middle East, and can best do so by diverting Hitler's blow from the Middle East. It is vital for those who want the British Isles defended, and can best do so by smashing Hitler before he ever gets across the Channel. It is an urgent need for the world network of bases and positions on which America's own security depends.

A front in Europe—that is the way to avenge Bataan. It is the demand that ought to well up from the country with renewed volume as each fateful day of this spring ticks away. Americans have got to match the British people in the cry for "action-now." A front in western Europe—this is the great contribution of British and American arms that the world is waiting for.

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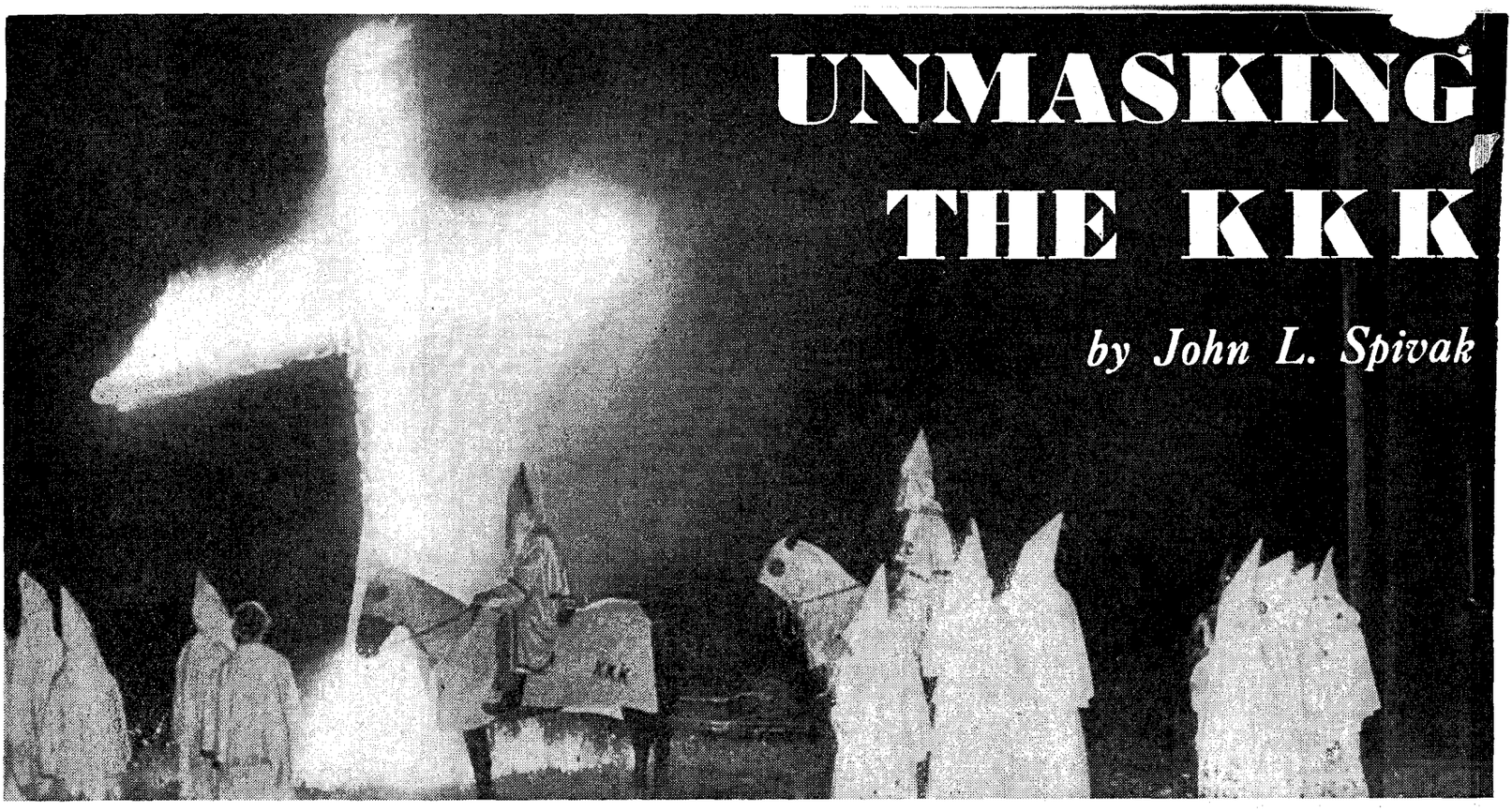

UNMASKING THE KKK

by John L. Spivak

"Where do you get your money?" John L. Spivak asked the Imperial Wizard, James A. Colescott. Exposing the hooded men in America's key war industries.

ON FEB. 28, 1942, a mob gathered outside the Sojourner Truth housing project at Nevada and Fenelon Avenues in North Detroit. Negro defense workers were scheduled to move that day into the project set aside for them, but the mob had other plans. They had come with knives, clubs, rifles, and shotguns, prepared to use violence to assert "white supremacy" and prevent the Negroes from occupying their new homes. Fighting broke out, shots were fired, knives and clubs were wielded. The inadequate police force on the scene did a curious thing: it arrested over 200 Negroes and only four of the mob.

Behind this display of lawless terrorism was the secret band whose sinister shadow has been flung more than once across our democracy: the Ku Klux Klan. As a result of protests by the AFL, CIO, and other public-spirited organizations, Attorney General Biddle ordered the federal grand jury in Detroit to start an immediate investigation of the anti-Negro riot. But there is much more in the Klan's recent history that calls for federal action. That the KKK rides again is bad enough, but far worse is the fact that it has established its chief base of operations in the hub of America's war industry, Detroit. And Klansmen are not merely poisoning the air with their un-American propaganda, but are working inside the factories and within the United Automobile Workers-CIO. They are working along the same lines, if not actually collaborating with, Charles E. Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith, whose pro-Nazi activities and mysterious financial jugglery I told about in my article last week. My investigation of the KKK during my recent trip to Detroit convinces me that it is a greater menace today than ever before in its history. When it is remembered that at the Buffalo convention of the UAW last July 100 of the delegates were Klansmen, and that the Klan is active in such key war plants as Ford, Chevrolet, and Packard, the seriousness of the situation will be appreciated.

Suppose you come with me to the narrow, darkened alley behind the building at 89 Forest Ave., Detroit. It's a few minutes after eight o'clock on a Tuesday evening and a shiny 1942 car turns into the parking lot behind this house, the car lights are quickly switched off, and four shadowy figures get out. They walk swiftly to the small porch of the darkened house. In the faint light from the distant street you see one of the men ring a door bell and almost immediately a small rectangle of yellow light, like a prohibition speakeasy peephole, appears in the door. Each man steps forward so the light falls on his face. When they have all been identified, the door opens soundlessly revealing a man holding a large, snarling dog on a leash. The men enter the small hallway. The peephole light is switched off and the two and a half story frame house is in darkness again.

For more than an hour shiny new cars drive into this parking lot, men emerge, go through the same procedure, and enter the house. So far as passersby on West Forest can see, the house is uninhabited. There is a faint light over the front door and a large sign "Forest Social Club," but a close examination of the house reveals that all first floor windows are covered with newspapers pasted over opaque glass and all second floor windows, made of the same glass, have shades drawn over them as an added precaution.

On this night men working in Detroit armament plants are trained to read blueprints in this house. It is known that plants manufacturing war material are extremely careful about blueprints. They are not allowed out of the factory, but an expert at reading them can remember and, if necessary, duplicate them from memory long after the prints are safely locked up.

The telephone directory has listed a Forest Social Club at that address for years. But few, if any, of the neighbors living on the same block know that for the past two years the "social club" has been the state headquarters of a very mysteriously financed Ku Klux Klan which became extraordinarily busy as soon as Detroit began to loom as one of the country's most important centers for war materials. Nearly everything connected with the Klan's revival here and in other war production centers is veiled in secrecy. But ownership of this state headquarters casts a revealing light.

Until last year one John S. Hosmer, who lived with his mother at 8778 Mason Place, was a clerk in the sheriff's office in Detroit. He got $40.96 a week and for a single man managed to spend most of it. After working in the sheriff's office four years he quit and went to work in an auto plant as a "factory worker."

There was another "factory worker" living at 2562 Stair named Travis Nations. Nations is married, and after years of work has apparently never managed to save enough

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money to buy his own home, for he and his wife pay rent for the place they live in. Though neither of these two "factory workers" own their own homes, they managed to get enough money, just when the UAW-CIO was extending its drive to organize the auto industry, to buy the building which is now the Klan headquarters. The building was bought in March 1940. I might state here that the Klan itself did not have money enough to buy the building, for its total assets for the year when the building was bought, were $146.50—or, so the Klan officials swore under oath.

On the title transfer, Hosmer's address is given as 6052 Kenilworth Dr. Tax assessments are made in John S. Hosmer's name, but sent to Nations' home. I don't know why this procedure is followed unless Nations' end of the partnership is meeting the bills.

When Hosmer worked in the sheriff's office, his constant luncheon companion was one Charles J. Spare, also known as "Nightgown Charlie," who lived at 885 Gladstone Ave., Detroit. Spare worked as an investigator for the county prosecutor's office up to a couple of years ago. Spare is the Grand Dragon of the Klan, which means he is the highest ranking officer in Michigan.

I wanted to ask these "average citizens" where they got the money to buy the Klan headquarters. I phoned Spare the day after the shadowy figures had congregated in the darkened house on West Forest. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, but the voice, which said it was Charlie Spare, sounded sleepy.

"I'm doing a story on the Klan," I said, "and I'm told you're the Grand Dragon and could help me out."

"I don't know a thing about the Klan." The voice became wide awake and sharp. "Somebody's giving you a wrong steer."

"Are you the Charles Spare who lives at 885 Gladstone and whose wife's name is Pearl?" I asked, to be sure I hadn't made a mistake.

"I'm Charles Spare and I live at that address and my wife's name is Pearl and I still don't know anything about the Klan. Get it?"

"I think so. But just one more question—"

"I mean to tell you that I know nothing about the Klan, Mister. Don't you understand?"

I hung up and called the Klan headquarters and asked the girl who answered for Charlie Spare.

"He isn't here," she said.

"When will he be in?"

"Between four-thirty and five. He's got a conference at that time."

"Then let me talk to Hosmer."

"He isn't here, either. He left a few minutes ago."

"Will he be there this evening?"

"I'm sure he won't. He'll be working."

"Maybe I can get him there on the phone."

"I don't think so," she laughed.

Then suddenly she demanded, "Say, who is this?"

"Just a friend of theirs."

"I can't give you any information," she said abruptly and hung up.

I thought there was a possibility that Hosmer went home to change clothes before going to work and I called him there an hour later.

"Say, I can't talk to you at all," he said plaintively. "The fellow you want to talk to is Charlie Spare. You talked to him this morning, didn't you?"

"Yes, but he said he didn't know a thing about the Klan."

"Well, he's the state head and you'll have to talk to him. You know," he added getting confidential, "we're not especially keen on publicity. We're just going along nicely and I don't think publicity would help us any."

THE KU KLUX KLAN is the pioneer fascist organization in this country. Started in Georgia in 1915, it antedated Mussolini's fascisti and Hitler's storm troops. It was not till after World War I that the Klan began to grow, fomenting hatred of Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and the foreign-born and often using terrorism to supplement its political activities. Soon the Klan spread into the North and Midwest and became a political power, claiming several million members. So great was its influence that the KKK was the dominant issue at the Democratic national convention in 1924. After that it declined rapidly until the depression years when its promoters once more saw a chance of making hay—and money—among middle class people and backward workers who were caught in the economic landslide. To its previous list of hates the Klan added labor and began devoting its chief efforts, Nazi style, to crusading against "Communism." Out of the KKK also grew the Black Legion and other fascist groups.

The original organizer of the Klan was Col. William Joseph Simmons of Georgia. He was an old-fashioned southern bourbon who was unable to make the Klan a going concern. In 1920 two high-pressure salesmen, Edward Y. Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, were brought in and business at once began to boom. And under the cloak of Americanism the Klan blazed a trail of violence and murder, of racial and religious hatred that stamped it as of the same mold as the Brown Shirts and Black Shirts of Germany and Italy.

On Sept. 29, 1937, Dr. Hiram W. Evans, who had succeeded Simmons as head of the Klan, and several trusted advisers arrived in Chicago and went to the Bismarck Hotel in the Loop. To the same hotel also came Fritz Kuhn, national fuehrer of the German-American Bund, with a number of his aides. This was the year in which Hitler was putting the finishing touches on his plans for world conquest, and Nazi agents in this country were looking for an American front for the Bund. The secret conference between Evans and Kuhn was arranged at the latter's request to discuss the merger of their organizations. Nothing came of these efforts, though the Klan and Bund remained on friendly terms and worked along parallel lines. On Aug. 18, 1940, the two cooperated in a joint public meeting at Camp Nordland in New Jersey. During the past few years there have been numerous other instances of close collaboration.

Meanwhile Evans had been developing other interests for which he and his friend, ex-Gov. E. D. Rivers of Georgia, were recently indicted in Atlanta. Evans sold the Klan to James A. Colescott for a price said to have been $220,000. Colescott was then "elected" Imperial Wizard.

With America becoming more and more deeply involved in the war against the Axis, the KKK leadership realized the opportunities presented by strategic industrial areas. By the end of 1940 and the beginning of 1941 the Klan had made considerable progress in industrial regions in New England and on the north Atlantic coast. The Klan also became intensively active in Michigan, Ohio, and northern Indiana, the heart of the nation's war production area. Klan organizers also appeared in California, Oregon, and Washington—again in vital war areas. That the organizers were sent into these industrial regions might be of no special significance were it not for the fact that equally large industrial cities turning out consumers' goods like shoes and pants, were ignored.

In May 1941 a meeting of the Imperial Kloncilium of the Klan was held in Atlanta, Ga., at which it was decided to raise $1,000,000 for an "Americanization program." The Klan leaders showed the kind of "Americanism" they had in mind when they started a campaign against the United Service Organizations, falsely charging that the USO was "run by Catholics and Jews." On the West Coast the Klan launched a similar campaign against the movie industry which dovetailed with the efforts of pro-Nazi elements to halt the production of anti-Nazi pictures. Klansmen also found much in common with the America First Committee and began to assume leading positions in strategic America First chapters. In San Francisco, for instance, an old Kluxer named Dr. Hugh R. Parkinson of 450 Sutter St., became chairman of the downtown chapter. In a letter which Parkinson wrote he recommended the Nazi propaganda sheet, *World Service*, published in Erfurt, Germany, William Dudley Pelley's pro-Nazi magazine, *Liberation*, and the anti-Semitic propaganda of Robert Edward Edmondson of New York as deserving of "all possible support, both moral and financial."

In starting its campaign in the Detroit area the Klan harped on the "Red menace" theme. Five thousand dollars worth of pamphlets were sent by the KKK national headquarters. Broadcasts over Station WJLB were started, with the arrangements handled by J. Hamilton Gibson, 1010 David Stott Building, who also arranged the Coughlin and Gerald L. K. Smith broadcasts. Gibson had been with Aircasters, Inc., but after my expose in NEW MASSES in 1939 of Coughlin's strange financial setups, Aircasters, Inc., folded and Gibson went into business for himself.

(Continued on page 7)

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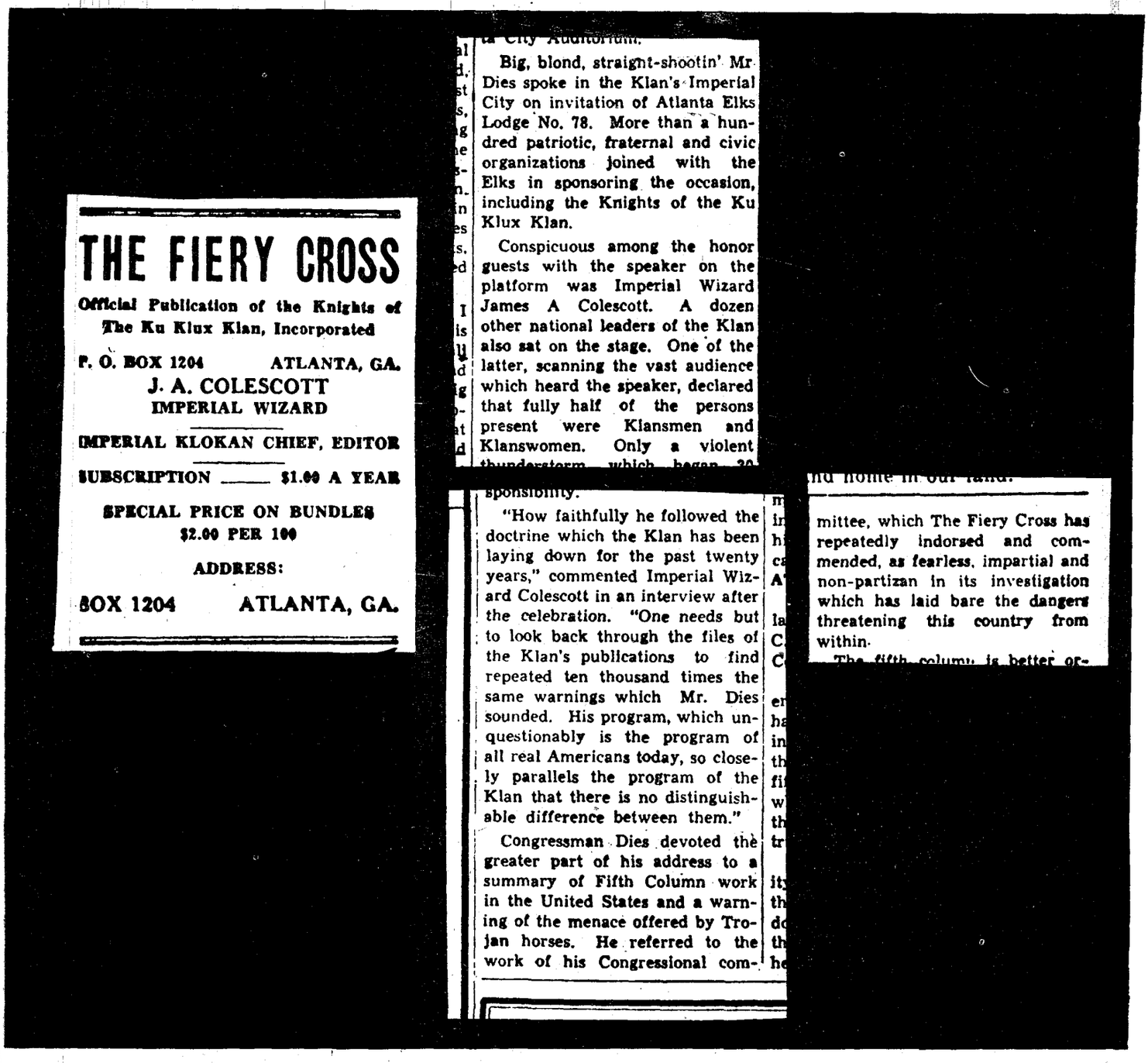

THE FIERY CROSS

Official Publication of the Knights of The Ku Klux Klan, Incorporated

P. O. BOX 1204 ATLANTA, GA.

J. A. COLESCOTT
IMPERIAL WIZARD

IMPERIAL KLOKAN CHIEF, EDITOR

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ADDRESS:

BOX 1204 ATLANTA, GA.

Big, blond, straight-shootin' Mr. Dies spoke in the Klan's Imperial City on invitation of Atlanta Elks Lodge No. 78. More than a hundred patriotic, fraternal and civic organizations joined with the Elks in sponsoring the occasion, including the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Conspicuous among the honor guests with the speaker on the platform was Imperial Wizard James A Colescott. A dozen other national leaders of the Klan also sat on the stage. One of the latter, scanning the vast audience which heard the speaker, declared that fully half of the persons present were Klansmen and Klanswomen. Only a violent

sponsibility.

"How faithfully he followed the doctrine which the Klan has been laying down for the past twenty years," commented Imperial Wizard Colescott in an interview after the celebration. "One needs but to look back through the files of the Klan's publications to find repeated ten thousand times the same warnings which Mr. Dies sounded. His program, which unquestionably is the program of all real Americans today, so closely parallels the program of the Klan that there is no distinguishable difference between them."

Congressman Dies devoted the greater part of his address to a summary of Fifth Column work in the United States and a warning of the menace offered by Trojan horses. He referred to the work of his Congressional committee, which The Fiery Cross has repeatedly indorsed and commended, as fearless, impartial and non-partizan in its investigation which has laid bare the dangers threatening this country from within.

INVESTIGATE DIES

NEW MASSES presents documentary evidence of the close connections between Martin Dies and the Ku Klux Klan. The above is a photostatic copy of part of an article that appeared in the November 1940 issue of *The Fiery Cross,* official Klan publication. It is a report of a meeting in Atlanta, Ga., of which the Klan was one of the sponsoring organizations. The chief speaker was Dies. He shared the platform with Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott and other Klan leaders.

The same issue of *The Fiery Cross* devoted its leading editorial to the Dies committee. The editorial stated: "This is just another instance of the good work being done by Representative Dies and his fellow patriots, who have had the support of the Ku Klux Klan from the day the committee was created by Congress." Next to this editorial was a three-column article attacking the Catholic Church.

The evidence we present helps clear up the "curious relationship" between Dies and the Klan which Representative Eliot of Massachusetts cited in a recent letter to Representative Cochran of Missouri, chairman of the House Committee on Accounts. Opposing further funds for the Dies committee, Representative Eliot charged that the "investigation" of the Klan which Dies announced on January 26, was actually part of a deal for the purpose of whitewashing this fascist organization. Now it is clear Dies has had close relations with the Klan.

The Ku Klux Klan stands for anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism, anti-democracy, anti-Americanism. It is part of Hitler's fifth column. According to the national fuehrer of this terrorist gang, the program of Dies "so closely parallels the program of the Klan that there is no distinguishable difference between them." Coughlin, Smith, and Pelley have paid similar tribute to Hitler's favorite congressman. It is time for Congress and the Department of Justice to act.

INVESTIGATE MARTIN DIES!

The Editors.

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(Continued from page 5)

On May 18, 1941, at a meeting in Danish Brotherhood Temple, Twelfth and West Forest Ave., Detroit, Imperial Wizard Colescott announced the reorganization of the Klan on military lines and presented a program of action for disrupting and seizing control of the UAW. Under the new setup the basic unit was the squad, consisting of the Klansmen in a single department of a factory. Commanding them was a corporal, and from him the officers ranged upward to general, who was in charge of the work in all the plants. The Klan membership, under the guise of "patriotism," was turned into an espionage organization. Each member was given the job of investigating those with whom he worked, finding out their politics, nationality, religion, thoughts on every subject under the sun. Colescott told the meeting that this was to be done not only in Michigan, but throughout the nation. All the information was to be filed on a card, of which two duplicates were to be made. At the same time Klan groups were instructed to work within the locals of the UAW, utilizing every issue, real or imaginary, to create dissension and maneuver Klansmen into positions of leadership. The precipitation of unnecessary strikes and stoppages, thereby interfering with production, was also part of the tactics.

Simultaneous with setting the Klan up as a military organization, the Black Legion was revived amid the utmost secrecy, with a special corps of toughs referred to as the "strong arm squad." The most accurate estimate I could get of the greater Detroit membership of the Klan and the Black Legion is some 20,000, with the Black Legion having about 3,000. Twenty thousand men is not a great number, but working under discipline and worming their way into key positions, they can do a great deal of damage, particularly when every factory is straining to push the production of the arms that America and its allies need to defeat the Axis.

I THOUGHT I might be able to get some of the answers about the burst of mysterious Klan activity by asking Hosmer and Nations where they got the money to buy the Klan headquarters, and Spare about some of his contacts. But Spare denied knowing anything about the Klan and Hosmer referred everything to Nightgown Charlie. I decided to go to the headquarters and see if I couldn't find Spare there.

I had never seen anyone go into the Klan headquarters by the front entrance and I wondered how a wandering visitor would be received if he rang the front door bell. The porch leading to the front door is set off by a wooden rail painted the same faded yellow as the house. There was no answer when I rang the bell and after a minute or so I rang again. Suddenly a long, solemn face, pale and ghost-like, rose over the rail. It looked like something out of a Boris Karloff horror picture. Two unnaturally bright eyes caught and held me with the fixed stare of the Ancient Mariner. I noticed a faint stain of tobacco juice in a corner of its mouth. Then it spoke and there was no inflection in the voice. It was just a sepulchral sound which came out of a tobacco-browned cavity.

"What do you want?" it demanded.

"I want to see Charlie Spare or Hosmer," I said and started for the rear entrance which good Kluxers use.

When we got to the back porch it held out a white, bloodless hand.

"Your credentials," it said.

"I haven't any. I talked to them on the phone."

"Wait here." It opened the door with a key. The enormous dog which seemed always to lie in the entrance way leaped up, growling.

"It's all right," the creature said. The dog whimpered and became quiet. The door was closed carefully and I heard a lock snap.

Within two or three minutes an excited big fellow in his shirt sleeves bounced out, grabbed my hand in a hearty shake, poked me in the ribs jovially and demanded:

"Say, do you know the quickest way to get your——" and he made an unprintable comment. "It's messing around with us, Mister. Now, who are you? What's your name? Where are you from? What hotel are you stopping at? When did you check in? What room are you in?

I answered all of his questions patiently.

"That's fine," he said and suddenly put an enormous arm around my shoulders in a bear hug. "You didn't lie to me. I knew all about you when you checked in, what room you had —everything about you. We were going to call you, but we were waiting to hear from Jim Colescott. He's coming in. I expect him any hour now. He's flying in. He's the man for you to see and I'll arrange it. He'll answer all your questions. You go back to your room and wait there. I'll call you in two hours."

He finished breathlessly and gave me another poke in the ribs.

"That's fine," I said, pumping his hand appreciatively. "Colescott's just the man I'd like to see."

The big fellow paused before he unlocked the guarded door.

"This is an awfully small town," he warned in parting. "And if anything should go wrong, if you lie—well—"

Exactly two hours later the phone rang in my hotel room.

"This is Mr. Colescott, of Atlanta, Ga.," said a southern voice slightly tinged with an Indiana sharpness. "Could you come over to Room 1184 at the Hotel Fort Shelby this evenin' at eight, suh?"

Colescott had a suite and the adjoining rooms were apparently filled with some of his Klansmen, for as I approached I could hear loud voices calling: "Freshen this up a bit, will ya?" As soon as I knocked on the Imperial Wizard's door the voices became quiet.

Colescott is a heftily built former Terre Haute, Ind., veterinary. Bald, with closely cropped gray hair and a belly no Klansman need be ashamed of, the Imperial Wizard courteously ushered me to a chair, took another himself, unbuttoned his vest, lit a cigarette, and leaned back contentedly, an affable smile on his round face.

From past experience with men who run rackets I learned that if you let them understand that you know it's a racket you're spared the pious moral approach they have for their public utterances, so when he enthusiastically began to tell me about his "Americanization program" and that their membership was "around 6,000,000" I interrupted casually:

"Aw, nuts! Nobody gives a damn about figures when they're not supported by membership lists."

The chubby Wizard was a little startled. He took a quick puff at his cigarette and dropped his well-filled hands which had been resting comfortably on his paunch.

"No story in that," I said. "It's been said a million times. What I'm interested in now is why all this secrecy about your outfit here?"

"It's a secret organization," he explained.

AT THE BUND-KLAN NUPTIALS: *The Place: Camp Nordland, Bund hangout. The Time: August 18, 1940. Several hundred Klansmen and 700 Bundsters held a joint meeting where Augustus Klapprott, camp director, greeted Arthur H. Bell, of Bloomfield, N. J., Grand Dragon of the Jersey KKK.*

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"I know. But who's head of it here? I've been trying to get in touch—"

"We couldn't tell you that. We take an oath never to reveal the names of members or officials," he assured me solemnly. "Only a very few of the Grand Dragons throughout the country are known publicly and then we permit them to become known only for very special reasons."

"Who's Charlie Spare?"

The Imperial Wizard looked blankly at me.

"All right. Who's John Hosmer?"

Colescott's blank look didn't vary by a flicker. "I don't think you understood me," he said gently, offering me a cigarette with leisurely grace. "We take an oath never to reveal the names of members or officials."

"Are those two I named Klan officials?"

"I can't give out any such information." His tone was gently reproving. "These gentlemen you mentioned—ah, Spare and—and Goslin, was it?"

"Spare and Hosmer."

"Oh, yes. Spare and Hosmer. You can see the names are unfamiliar—"

"Nuts!" I interrupted again. "Look." I handed him a photostatic copy of the Klan's annual report filed with the Corporation & Securities Commission in Lansing.

"This is your signature on it. It also says Spare and Hosmer are officials. Now these are public records, so what the hell's all the secrecy about?"

Colescott shook with laughter.

"May I order you a drink, suh?" he asked hospitably. "Ha, ha; yes, suh! I always tell the boys that when a reporter asks a question, answer him. He'll find out somehow and then embarrass you. Yes, suh, I always tell the boys that."

He reached for the photostatic copy, examined the signatures, his body still shaking with silent laughter.

"That's very funny. Very funny."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it. Now, maybe you can tell me how many members you put on in the Detroit area since you started your drive?"

"Oh," he said, weighing his words judiciously, "I should say, without having the exact figures in front of me, about 160,000 in the entire state. Yes, suh, when a reporter asks a question, you might just as well answer him. He'll find out somehow. Ha, ha!"

"What's the initiation fee and how much do you get out of it and how much does the state Klan get?"

"It varies in different places, but it averages around six dollars per person. There's an initiation fee of ten dollars here of which $7.50 remains in the local treasury."

"That's the state treasury?"

"That's right. Some of it remains with the local Klans, but they are part of the state."

"That's what I'm interested in. Now, according to your figure of new members, the Klan took in about $1,200,000—excluding dues. That's a lot of money and that's why I can't understand why, in the financial report you signed under oath, and turned over to the Corporation & Securities Commission, you state that the state Klan has assets of less than $200."

The Imperial Wizard shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess we report how much the state has, but most of the money is probably in the hands of local Klans and so is not reported."

"I understand you to say that local Klans are part of the state Klan."

"Yes. That's right. They are chartered by the state Klan."

"Then why isn't their financial statement part of the state's activities?"

"I really don't know," he said.

"But you signed it."

"Oh, I sign a lot of papers."

"Your state headquarters are at 89 West Forest?"

He nodded warily.

"How much rent do you pay?"

"We own the building," he said.

"Who owns the building?"

"The Klan."

"Is ownership recorded in the Klan's name?"

"I don't know. Maybe they formed a corporation and it's in their hands. That's the way we do it sometimes. We never interfere in the local financial affairs of state Klans."

"When did you buy the building?"

"About a year ago." Then he added as an afterthought. "It was bought before my election in June."

"I wonder why you added as a sort of afterthought that it was bought before your election in June? Is there any special significance to the time you acquired the building?"

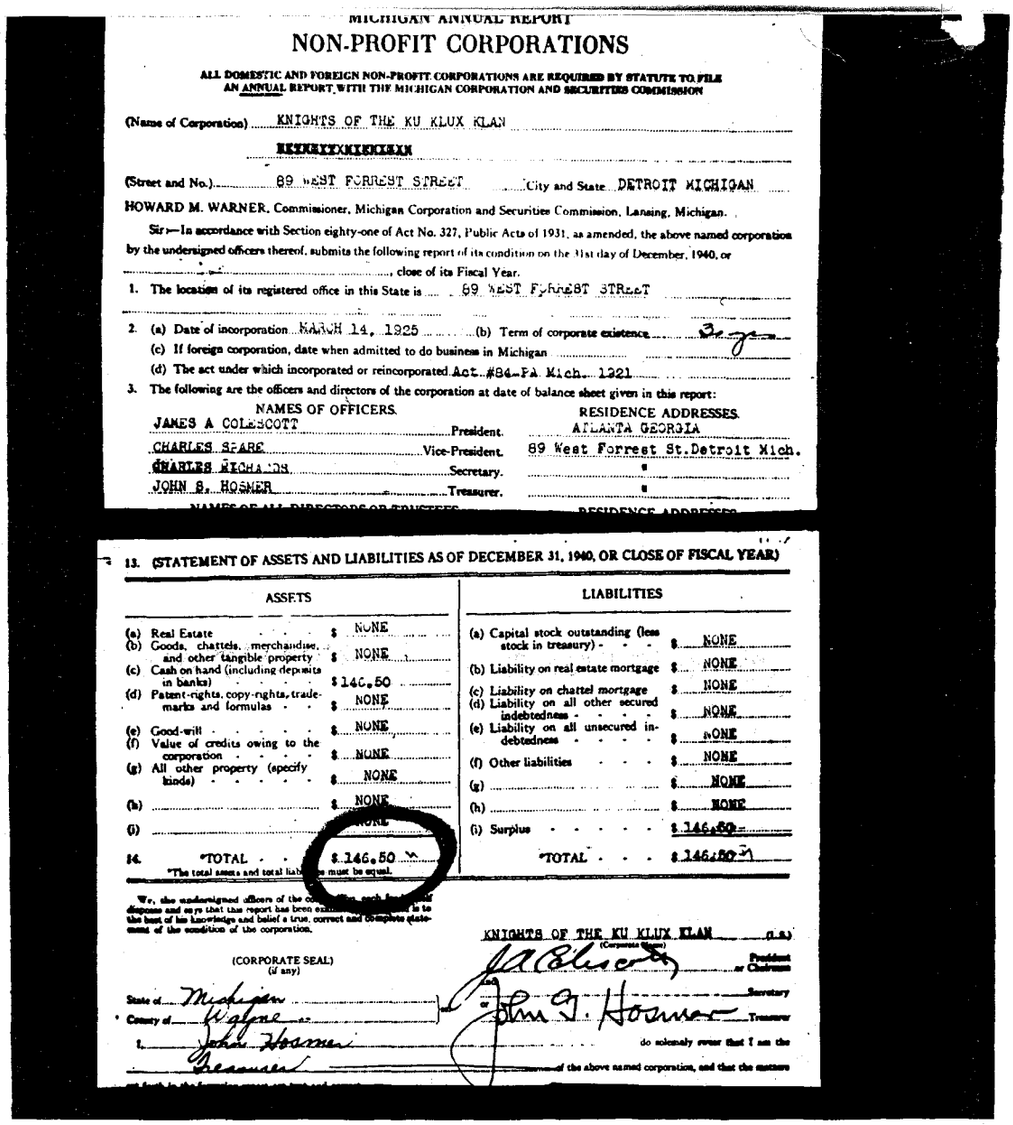
"Oh, no. You were asking when it was bought and I thought I might just as well tell you that it was before my election as Imperial Wizard."

"You didn't add that because you wanted to leave the impression that it was bought before the second world war broke out in the fall of 1939?"

He looked steadily at me and said slowly: "I don't see the relationship."

"Actually the building was bought in March 1940—a half year after you became Imperial Wizard and after the second world war broke out, wasn't it?"

"I don't see the point."



MICHIGAN ANNUAL REPORT

NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS

ALL DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS ARE REQUIRED BY STATUTE TO FILE AN ANNUAL REPORT WITH THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION

(Name of Corporation) KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

(Street and No.) 89 WEST FORREST STREET City and State DETROIT MICHIGAN

HOWARD M. WARNER, Commissioner, Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission, Lansing, Michigan.

Sir—In accordance with Section eighty-one of Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended, the above named corporation by the undersigned officers thereof, submits the following report of its condition on the 31st day of December, 1940, or ..., close of its Fiscal Year.

1. The location of its registered office in this State is 89 WEST FORREST STREET

2. (a) Date of incorporation MARCH 14, 1925 (b) Term of corporate existence Perp.
(c) If foreign corporation, date when admitted to do business in Michigan
(d) The act under which incorporated or reincorporated Act #84-Pa Mich. 1921

3. The following are the officers and directors of the corporation at date of balance sheet given in this report:

NAMES OF OFFICERS		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
JAMES A COLESCOTT	President.	ATLANTA GEORGIA
CHARLES SPARE	Vice-President.	89 West Forrest St. Detroit Mich.
CHARLES HIGHAM	Secretary.	"
JOHN S. HOSMER	Treasurer.	"

NAMES OF ALL DIRECTORS OR TRUSTEES — RESIDENCE ADDRESSES

13. (STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1940, OR CLOSE OF FISCAL YEAR)

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
(a) Real Estate	$ NONE	(a) Capital stock outstanding (less stock in treasury)	$ NONE
(b) Goods, chattels, merchandise, and other tangible property	$ NONE	(b) Liability on real estate mortgage	$ NONE
(c) Cash on hand (including deposits in banks)	$ 146.50	(c) Liability on chattel mortgage	$ NONE
(d) Patent-rights, copy-rights, trade-marks and formulas	$ NONE	(d) Liability on all other secured indebtedness	$ NONE
(e) Good-will	$ NONE	(e) Liability on all unsecured indebtedness	$ NONE
(f) Value of credits owing to the corporation	$ NONE	(f) Other liabilities	$ NONE
(g) All other property (specify kinds)	$ NONE	(g)	$ NONE
(h)	$ NONE	(h)	$ NONE
(i)	NONE	(i) Surplus	$ 146.50
14. *TOTAL	$ 146.50	*TOTAL	$ 146.50

*The total assets and total liabilities must be equal.

We, the undersigned officers of the corporation, each for himself, depose and say that this report has been examined by us and is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true, correct and complete statement of the condition of the corporation.

KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN (Corporate Name)

(CORPORATE SEAL) (if any)

By J A Colescott President or Chairman

By John S. Hosmer Secretary Treasurer

State of Michigan

County of Wayne

I, John Hosmer do solemnly swear that I am the Treasurer of the above named corporation, and that the matters

In its 1940 financial statement to the Michigan Corporation & Securities Commission, the State KKK under oath stated that its total assets were $146.50. Where did the Klan get the money with which to buy its headquarters building which cost many times more than it presumably had in the way of assets?

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"Perhaps you will. Did the state Klan buy it as a Klan?"

"The state Klan supplied the money for the building."

"If that's the case, the Klan owns property. Why wasn't that property reported in the sworn financial statement you signed as is required by law?"

A worried expression appeared on his round face. "I don't know."

"As a matter of fact, the building was bought by John Hosmer and Travis Nations, wasn't it?"

Colescott looked at me and said quietly: "Yes, it was."

"And neither of them have money."

"It was Klan money," he insisted.

"Then why wasn't it reported?"

"I don't know. Maybe it wasn't Klan money."

"Then whose money was it?"

"I don't know."

"You know so little about these men and yet you let them own Klan property?"

"I don't see what you're driving at," said Colescott.

"What would happen if the Klan succeeded in getting a strong foothold in the UAW-CIO? Wouldn't it produce a struggle between the Klan elements and the non-Klan members in the union?

"We would try to avoid any fights."

"But they could break out? And such internal union struggles could easily produce wildcat strikes, couldn't they?"

Colescott smiled slowly.

"I see what you're driving at," he said, eying me steadily.

"I thought you would. And wildcat strikes interfere with production. That's why I'm curious to know why you started your drive after the second world war broke out and this area began to turn out war products, and who is supplying money for the purchase of the headquarters, for instance?"

"We wouldn't create strikes," he insisted. "We just want to see to it that the unions are run by Americans."

"Perhaps you can tell me why Governor Maybank of South Carolina said he wouldn't permit the Klan to meet in his state because the Klan was financed by Berlin?"

"That's just a sour statement from a former Klansman trying to clean his skirts,"

"Imperial Wizard" Colescott, head of the KKK

he said with a touch of heat. "We never received any money from the German government or any other foreign government."

"Directly or indirectly?"

"Directly or indirectly."

"What—"

"Say," he interrupted, leaning forward, "the FBI wrote me a letter and asked if I shouldn't register under the Voorhis act as an agent of a foreign government and I wrote back saying that we are an American organization and that I was surprised that they would even think we had anything to do with a foreign government."

"One of the established Nazi propaganda activities is the spread of anti-Semitism. Why did you reprint anti-Semitic articles which first appeared some twenty years ago?"

"We wanted to Americanize the Jews."

"Why did you want to Americanize the Jews particularly?"

"Well—you must try to understand."

"I'm trying."

"As soon as we got into the war we stopped disseminating the reprints," he said.

"We're not selling them any more," he repeated. "Say, look here, if the government wants to ask me questions, I wrote and told them that I'll open all my books to them."

"That's a matter for the government. I don't know why they haven't taken up your offer."

The phone in the room began to ring incessantly. Colescott answered it.

"I'll be ready in a minute or two," he said. "Appointment," he explained apologetically and ushered me to the door.

NO, I don't know why the government hasn't gone after the Ku Klux Klan. Now that it has arrested William Dudley Pelley and a few other pro-Axis propagandists, maybe it will. We are at war with the deadliest enemy that mankind has known. To pull our punches means defeat. My investigation in Detroit convinces me that if Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the Ku Klux Klan didn't exist, Hitler would have to invent them. What Vice-President Wallace recently said about Martin Dies is true of these fascist admirers of his: Coughlin, Smith, and the Klan are "a greater danger to our national safety than thousands of Axis soldiers within our borders." It is time for the federal authorities to act.

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

A letter from George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers, warning against the disruptive activities of the Klan in a number of the union's locals, especially in the Packard plant. The letter first appeared in the union's newspaper.

UNITED AUTOMOBILE · AIRCRAFT · AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT WORKERS of AMERICA (UAW-CIO)

INTERNATIONAL UNION

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS • 551 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

R. J. THOMAS, INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT

GEO. F. ADDES, INTERNATIONAL SEC.-TREAS.

PHONE LAFAYETTE 7900

January Fifth
1 9 4 2

Mr. Curt Murdock, President
Packard Local 190, UAW-CIO
6111 Mt. Elliott Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Brother Murdock:

According to information we have received the K.K.K. in Packard is preparing to launch a disruptive campaign in the union. This is probably in line with recent threats of the Grand Dragon Colescott to "clean out the union".

The International is on record as utterly opposed to all such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, which we have reason to believe is playing a subversive role in the defense industry. There is evidence that Nazi agents are now working through such undercover groups as the K.K.K. They have no place in the CIO.

We must urge that you and your fellow local officers take every precaution to guard against disruption from these sources. As you probably are aware, the K.K.K. is growing steadily more active in a number of locals and definitely is a menace that must be fought.

From sources which we know to be reliable, we have learned that leadership of the K.K.K. in Packard is in the hands of Frank Buehrle.

We further find that Harvey Hansen, Homer Martin's chief goon, is now a general in the K.K.K. and has taken up residence in the vicinity of the Packard Plant. Probably to direct organization at close range.

Hoping that this information will be of use to your local in keeping it free of these disruptive influences, I remain, with warm personal wishes,

Fraternally yours,

Geo. F. Addes

Geo. F. Addes
INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY TREASURER

GFA:B
uopwa
CIO26

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

WESTERN FRONT NOW, HITLER'S NIGHTMARE

600 divisions fight on the Eastern Front in history's greatest battleline. About 200 divisions fight in the rest of the world. How a western front can destroy Hitler in 1942.

AMBASSADOR LITVINOV said a few days ago that "the task (of completely and finally destroying Hitler) is clear to the layman as well as to the professional strategist." With this I completely agree. Although I do not consider myself as belonging to either one of the categories the Ambassador named, the task seems clear to me, too.

To begin with, let us busy ourselves with certain very obvious and very general considerations. Armed forces are generally divided into *armies, fleets,* and *air forces.* The experience of the last months seems to have shown that fleets do not stand up so well against air forces. Furthermore (and quite outside the old *battleship vs. plane* controversy) fleets cannot solve any major strategic (or even tactical) problems without the support of air power. In the scale of military activity air forces rank ahead of fleets. The admirals will have to excuse me, but this seems to have been proved in every sea in the world, except those which air power did not reach. On the other hand, the experience of Madrid, London, Moscow, Chungking, of China, England, and the Soviet Union in general, seems to prove that air power in itself does not solve major strategic (or even tactical) problems. Here such air enthusiasts as Major Alexander de Seversky will have to excuse me.

It seems to be an incontrovertible fact that people, generally speaking, live, work, fight, and die on land. Only a small fraction of men go down to the sea in ships and up into the sky in planes. Despite mechanization in all its varied aspects, it is still human beings who fight, not machines. Therefore, military decisions, *real, fundamental* decisions, decisions that *decide* great issues—are attained on land, and only on land. But that is not all. They are not attained in forlorn, little-populated regions of the earth's surface by imported troops, carried for thousands of miles in ships, trucks, or planes. They are attained right where masses of people live. Such decisions are not to be attained in the Siberian *tundra,* in the badlands of North Dakota, in the Matto Grosso or even in Australia, or in Central Africa.

Confined within four oceans lies the continent of Eurasia which contains about 1,500,000,000 people of a total of 2,000,000,000—the world's population. It is quite clear, therefore, that the great decision must be reached on that continent.

The grand strategy of the Axis is to cut off this great block of people from the remaining quarter of humanity. Look at the map again and you will see that nothing short of German-Japanese rendezvous in Ceylon, Karachi, or Basra, say, will do the trick. A noose must be slung from the Bering Strait, through the Strait of Torres, or better still, through Bass Strait, through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, through Suez, the Strait of Gibraltar, through the Channel, through the North Sea and around North Cape to the very docks of Archangel in the White Sea. The icy turmoil of the Arctic Ocean will complete the noose in the North.

Outside this noose lie three continents and Great Britain. Of the continents America can play the role of depot and munitions factory. At this stage it is no *place d'armes* as far as actual fighting goes. American men and Amer[illegible] arms have to go elsewhere to fight the enemy. Where? The three available places are all outside the noose and all have the disadvantage of being separated by more or less large bodies of water from the land block where the enemy is concentrated. Australia's water jump is measured in thousands of miles, Africa's in hundreds, England's in scores of miles. Whenever the question of a second front is raised, voices are heard moaning about the dearth of shipping. True, ships are scarce. In view of that, it is the shortest water jump that has to be chosen for an offensive. In other words, the offensive must be made to jump off from England which for almost two years has been playing the role of a great immobilized aircraft-carrier, which in addition to planes is crammed with from three to four million troops. So we were told by Mr. Churchill and we have no reason to doubt his word.

This great "aircraft carrier" must be made to play the role of a great springboard for the new offensive for another reason: it is the nearest place to the *main forces* of the *main enemy.* Whatever thunderbolt the United Nations can possibly muster should (if there is the slightest possibility of doing so) be directed at *Berlin.*

LET us now count noses. True, we cannot lay claim to any exact knowledge of "post and stations" in this global war. But when some 10,000,000 men are fighting, a mistake of even a few hundred thousand does not matter so very much.

There are today four fronts (1, 2, 3, 4 on the map) where men fight the only decisive kind of fight—on land. I exclude such highly heroic, but miniature scale fighting as Yugoslavia, Mindanao, New Guinea, etc., taking into consideration fronts where, say, an Army Corps or more is involved.

Front 1. Here the bulk of the armed land forces of the two opposing camps are fighting it out. Let us say, approximately, 300 German and satellite divisions against 300 divisions of the Red Army, with 25,000 planes and 20,000 tanks engaged.

Front 2. In Libya probably ten Axis divisions are fighting (at present only desultory) an equal or lesser number of Allied divisions. Let us add that Front 2 is a sort of left flank outpost of Front 1 (counting from the Allied side, i.e. facing west).

Front 3. In Burma probably ten Japanese divisions are fighting a somewhat lesser number of United Nations divisions.

Front 4. In China, a front which has seen only sporadic and localized fighting during the last several weeks, a good guess would be that 100 regular Chinese divisions are opposing something like forty Japanese divisions.

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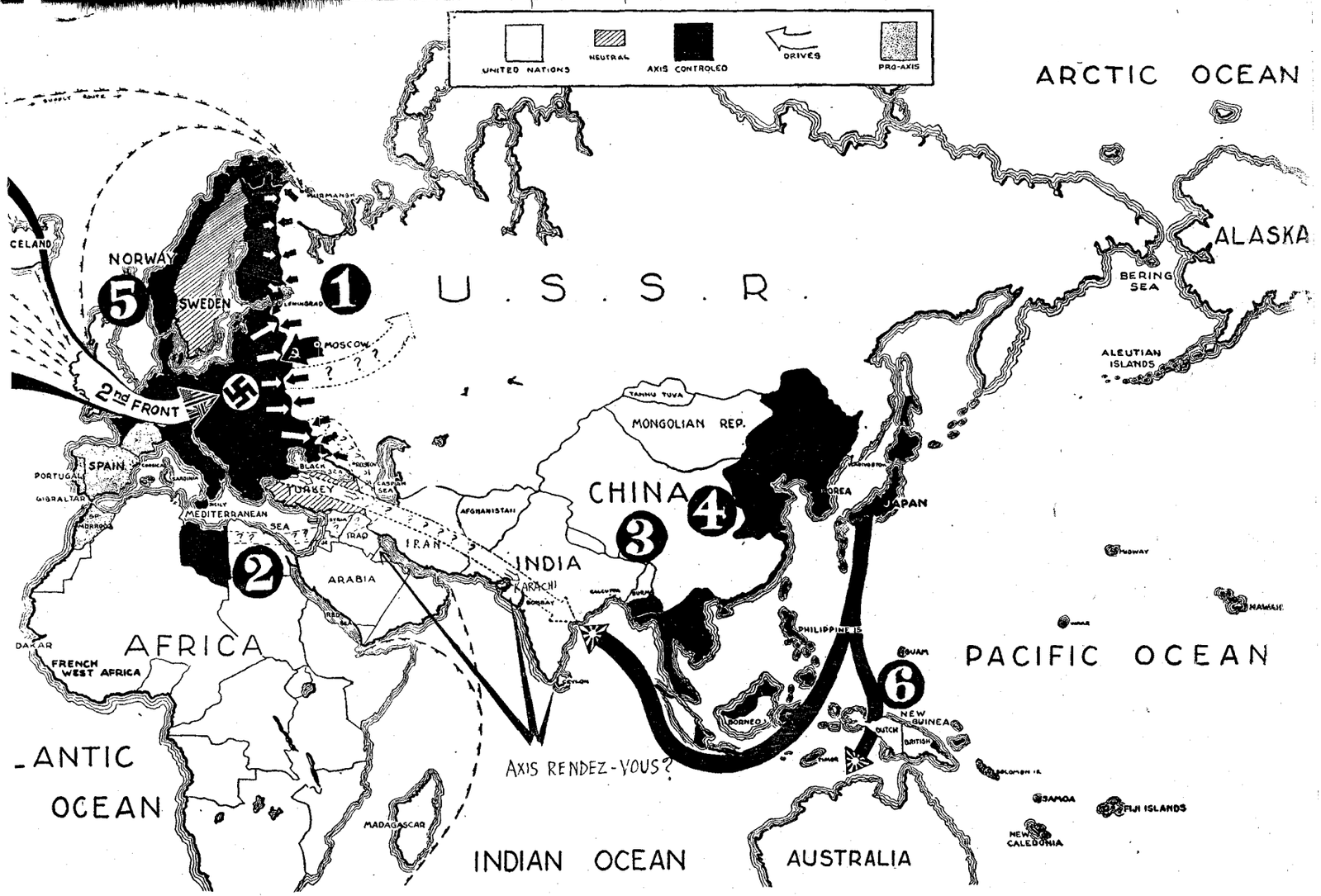

Of the many world fronts, the bulk of the armed land forces of the two opposing camps are concentrated on the decisive eastern battleline—Front 1. An Allied offensive in western Europe would block the Axis grand strategy of cutting off the Eurasian continent and it would spell defeat for Hitler this year. Fronts 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 are discussed by Colonel T. in his article.

In other words, of a total of between 700 and 800 fighting divisions engaged, 600 are locked in combat on the Soviet-German front. Well over three-quarters of the world's fighting is being done there (considerably more if we consider active combat as taking place at the present moment, which is not the case in China, through no fault of hers).

There remain two other fronts (5 and 6) where the fighting is very similar in character. Over the Channel and over the Straits of Torres a handful of officers of the air forces fight it out. That is all.

To the roster of fronts we must add the immense areas of naval action in the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, and Arctic Oceans. These are important but only auxiliary "fronts" because they concern themselves with communications. As far as the United Nations are concerned, the strategy of attrition is out, completely and irrevocably out.

If this is the case (and *it is*) the only thing left is to *attack*. Where? From Australia? All right. But attack whom? The fifteen-odd divisions of Japan scattered through the East Indies? Aggressive action against Japanese communications are necessary, but as the New York *Herald Tribune* pointed out editorially April 9, "while even a brilliantly successful offensive in the Pacific might go on for months without bringing a final decision, an offensive in western Europe which was itself a failure might still, by taking the weight off Russia, decide the outcome of the whole war."

The noose we spoke of above is not completed because India, Iran, and the other countries of the Near East are not yet in Axis hands. Figuring realistically, the United Nations must have enough troops and equipment on the spot to oppose the Wehrmacht if it decides to strike in earnest along the Near Eastern route in order to keep the rendezvous in Basra, Karachi, or Ceylon.

Two things are theoretically possible on the Eastern Front this spring and summer: the Red Army will hold, or it will be forced back of the gate to the Caucasus. If it holds (which we feel quite sure it will, and probably better than just hold), the bulk of the Axis divisions might flow around the great "dam" of the Soviet front, south of it, and the noose will be complete. If the Red Army is forced back from Rostov and the Northern Caucasus, the same thing will occur, only by another route (Caucasus-Iran-India instead of Egypt or Turkey-Iran-India).

In view of all this, and it should be clear even to the layman, the only thing for the Allies to do now is to strike at the heart of the Axis—at occupied Europe. Strike now. Next month might be too late. Strike where the enemy's might is concentrated, straight at the heart. Strike where he has too few forces which he can make face west. Strike where the hand of the scales is trembling near the zero mark. Let us and England go on half rations for several months. We won't squawk. Take all the ships that are still used for the transportation of "commodities." Take our pants instead of the cuffs of our pants. But let us finish this business *this summer*, for otherwise there might be mighty few people left to wear pants at all.

Strike in Europe now!

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

THREE QUESTIONS BEFORE PARLIAMENT

Unfinished business in India. The shifts in British public opinion. Perspectives and politics in the next four crucial months. Pressing the government for a western offensive.

Claude Cockburn sent his cable before Sir Stafford Cripps left New Delhi for London. An editorial on page 23 discusses the Indian situation since Cripps' departure.

London (by cable), April 11.

THE news from the Burma front and the Indian Ocean needfully sharpened British public appreciation of the practical essentials of the India discussion. Several phases of British opinion toward India are distinguishable in the last few weeks. First, there was general impatience lest the government fail to act quickly to enable India to be turned into what is vaguely thought of as a kind of China—though without any very sharp definitions of similarities, differences, or possibilities. Cripps' mission and the publication of the British proposals produced a short-lived belief here that now everything in the garden was going to be lovely. This belief was based on the somewhat hazy notion that some sort of freedom was being offered.

But now the proceedings at New Delhi have forced the British people to realize that the main body of the proposals dealing with the postwar constitutional issues are really far less important than the less formal part of the proposals dealing immediately with defense issues. The public has gained a clear impression that it is the immediate question of defense about which the Indians are most concerned. And correspondingly there is an increased public grasp of the practical manner wherein the Indian national leaders are approaching the whole problem.

IT IS obvious that from the outset there was a divergence between the view of the national leaders that immediate political changes must be a precondition to the total strategic development, and the apparent hope of the British government that the political and strategic elements were separable, with strategy as the immediate practical problem. It was also the British government's hope that the political questions handled in the proposals for postwar settlement would be conditioned by the promises made now. The whole development at New Delhi has shown this conception of separability impossible: equally that the British government is prepared to recognize the fact that its original idea of the separation of these two problems is impracticable.

In the crudest terms the real problem at issue is how much practical power must be given to the Indian National government in order to make it possible for such a government to mobilize India's resources toward the war? It is not a question of principle, it is one of practical organization of resources. Writing before the official announcement from New Delhi, it seems possible to say that as a result of the latest conversations, neither the British nor the Indian people will rest content with any breakdown now. For the conversations have turned the limelight to the essentials. And the British people, with a vivid understanding of why, for example, China has been able to hold out so long, have considerably awakened to the understanding that the question of transference of real power to India is not academic but as practical as, let's say, the question of the establishment of production committees in the British factories.

OBVIOUSLY, whatever happens, the next parliamentary session is likely to be dominated by three questions all closely interrelated, budget, India, strategy. The budget will, at least, indicate the extent to which the ideas on the proper way toward total organization for the war have made headway against the "orthodox" elements in the Treasury in the City and industry. Whatever the budget may contain, the debates on it will really center on that question which is now an acute one, with all sorts of political implications and repercussions. Obviously, for example, such a question cannot be regarded without consideration of the political background which recently caused Harold Laski, member of the Labor Executive, to suggest in an article published in the London *Daily Herald* that if progress could not be made toward a drastic social reorganization (by which I personally understand Laski meant nationalization of war industries in the interest of efficiency) the Labor Party ought to consider withdrawing its leaders from the government. It would be wrong to suppose that this is in any way an immediate issue.

But the Laski article, and the discussions which accompanied it, are some indication of a mood which must be said exists among the Conservatives as well as the Laborites. It is to be hoped that the debates on whatever happens in India will be conducted in strict reference to the practical defense considerations mentioned above rather than in relation to the domestic political issues arising out of the Cripps' position. Finally, it is certain that there will be an increasing vigilance and eagerness in the House of Commons to press the government for a maximum offensive action by Britain—particularly in Western Europe—in the crucial four months just beginning.

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"Open the Western Front now and together we can destroy him.

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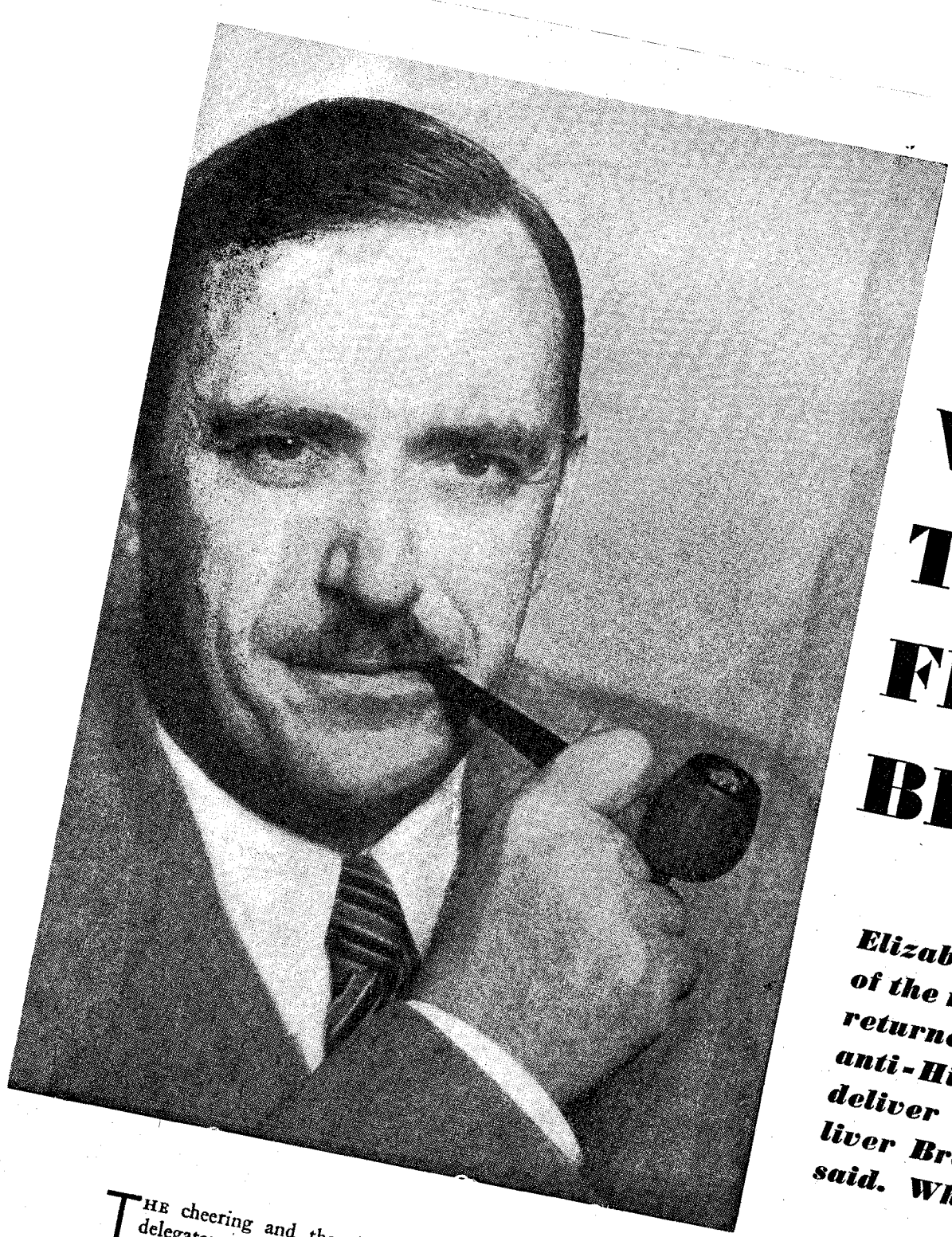

THE ONLY WAY TO FREE BROWDER

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn tells of the millions who want him returned to his post in the anti-Hitler armies. "We'll deliver the goods, you deliver Browder," the seamen said. What must be done.

THE cheering and the singing died away and the 1,458 delegates to the National Free Browder Congress took their swift departure back to all over America. Some delegates from California and Detroit returned by airplane, the rest went by the fastest trains. There was no time to lose. They had met for two days, had heard many inspiring speeches, met a lot of fine people they were glad to know, all pulling together regardless of any political differences. If any one had said to them "What's your hurry?" they would have replied: "We've got to win the war and Browder isn't out yet!" They did not consider that they had taken two days *out* of their busy lives of working to smash Hitler, but that these two days were devoted to exactly that job. And they are realists enough to know that the Congress, splendid as it was, did not finish the job, either. It must be followed up.

Back they went as fast as they could to their posts on board ship, in shipyards and mines, in auto and steel plants, textile and clothing mills; back to the deep South, to the far West; back to their pulpits, classrooms, law offices, or to their artists' tools; back to New England and to inland America, to report to everybody on the Congress and to expand its efforts. To say that these delegates represented 3,264,863 Americans is an accurate tabulation of the credentials presented showing whom they represented directly. But it is not a complete picture of the Free Earl Browder campaign. Because many organizations which have gone on record were unable to send delegates; many thousands of individuals could not be present.

Even before the complicated statistical check-up is finished I feel safe in stating conservatively that at least 4,000,000 persons have now endorsed our campaign and I wouldn't be at all surprised if it were nearer 5,000,000. Certainly when these delegates begin moving around all over the country, full of a burning desire to free Browder, and determined, as Paul Robeson said, *"not to rest until he's out!"* we expect to see a tremendous increase in our numbers.

They will report not only to the organizations that sent them but to others, not yet involved in the campaign. They'll begin by telling who was there—759 trade union delegates from fifty-six industries; 119 Negro delegates, representing the entire Negro people, more than many of their own racial gatherings; 364 women delegates, representing trade unions, auxiliaries and fraternal societies, and sixty youth delegates. They'll say in the words of Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, eminent sociologist and professor at New York University: "As

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I looked over the program of the meeting I have found myself saying that every element in the United States is represented here at this meeting, every profession, every belief, every type of population. And then I realized I am wrong. As we have listened to these speeches—we realize that we have heard from everybody in the United States except the American fascists, appeasers, and defeatists." Only loyal Americans and their friends were present at this Free Browder Congress.

The Resolution on the War which was presented by Joseph Curran, stalwart and squarejawed president of the National Maritime Union and vice-president of the CIO, was adopted unanimously and with the greatest enthusiasm. It proclaimed our united and unconditional support to our nation in the struggle to destroy Hitler and his Axis allies, and it pledged "the individual loyalty and cooperation that the War President of the United States has a right to expect from each and every citizen." Mr. Curran spoke eloquently in the name of the brave men who keep 'em sailing—the unknown and unsung heroes of the deep—without guns, uniforms, medals, or glory—who stand in the vanguard to return Browder to his post, which is not a prison cell. The grandest message of thousands to the Congress came from the crew of the tanker *Dixiano*: "Tell America to heed our call from seven seas. We'll deliver the goods, *Americans, deliver us Earl Browder.* When you remember Pearl Harbor remember America's anti-fascist Earl Browder." *Dixiano,* pushing her way through perilous seas, awaits our response. Let's make it three dots and a dash, soon.

THE delegates will report that the War Resolution, a telegram of greetings to Anna and John Mooney, and a Resolution on the Freedom of Earl Browder were the only official documents of the Congress, endorsed also by the Trade Union, Negro, Professional-Cultural and Youth Panels and by mass meetings attended by 12,000 people. The resolution urged President Roosevelt to exercise executive clemency because the continued imprisonment of Earl Browder "serves neither the ends of justice nor in the interests of the nation."

Were there Communists at the Congress, as Poison-Pen Pegler proclaims with an air of great discovery? Of course there were, and nobody was surprised except old sourpuss who runs the "Foul Enough" syndicate. It would be a strange contradiction if the Communist Party's National Committee did not send delegates to a Congress for the release of the General Secretary of the Party. Mother Bloor and Bob Minor were there, as was William Z. Foster, Earl Browder's co-workers for years, and James W. Ford who was his running mate in two presidential elections. That the Communists are devoted to this campaign, is legitimate, and is certainly known to President Roosevelt and the press.

But what's eating Pegler, Dies, Hearst, and all the other anti-labor, anti-Roosevelt, anti-war forces in America is that they cannot successfully Red-bait the Free Browder Campaign. The vast majority of the delegates and the great millions they represent are not in accord with the political views of Earl Browder. But they do not consider his political views an issue, as the resolution reads—"especially since all available information leads us to believe that Mr. Browder is in complete agreement with the war policies of the nation and is unconditionally ready to fulfill all duties that the country has a right to expect of him or any other citizen." Everyone else active in the campaign accepts as a matter of course that the Communists are there too.

The Browder campaign is a rebuke to Red-baiting. It is a recognition that a man has been imprisoned in America on a flimsy technicality because he is the Secretary of the Communist Party. It is a recognition that this Party is a part of the American labor movement and that therefore this is a labor case. It is an indication of an increasing determination that Communists must have their political rights and that their loss puts in jeopardy the rights of all Americans.

The friendly relationships, the better understanding between Communists and other American groups will carry over into all other tasks to win the war and to better cement national unity. This is a bitter pill for Red-baiters to swallow. Shackled and silenced in a prison, Earl Browder is increasingly known to millions of Americans. The imprisoned leader of the Communist Party was referred to continually by trade union leaders, ministers of the gospel, professional and cultural groups, editors and writers, as a great anti-fascist leader who could contribute tremendously to smashing Hitlerism at home and abroad. That Earl Browder risked his life in China and in Spain as a fearless pioneer anti-fascist is now known to millions. This was evident at the Free Browder Congress, and the delegates will spread the word. America can use Browder now.

The ready response of the Negro people in America—who rallied to the recollection of "Scottsboro" and "Herndon" and Earl Browder's consistent championship of full equality for the Negro people with more fervor and unanimity than even the war itself evokes from them—is a revelation of what fair treatment can do. Earl Browder is loved as a friend and a brother by Negro Americans. The struggle for his release is no white man's fight to them. They suffer over his imprisonment. They long for his release. They went back to work untiringly for it. *"The Abraham Lincoln of today to our people"*—one Negro delegate, Ernest Scott of the International Longshoremen's Union of New Orleans, called Earl Browder, as he brought greetings and a large petition to President Roosevelt "from the Negroes of the South." Negro America is moving for their defender. They want to look upon his face again and hear his words. Earl Browder can do more to unify the Negro people for an all-out war against the Axis powers than any other white man in America. Let him speak to them, Mr. President.

THE campaign for the freedom of Earl Browder has spread out in one year's time in a fan-like manner, until today its appeal is capable of reaching all patriotic American people, as it did such varied and different cross-sections of America at the Congress. The delegates rushed back home to arouse America. "Why is Browder in jail while fascists operate freely in our country?" they are asking their townspeople. They will take the offensive here as elsewhere. "Smoke out the snipers at democracy," they will say, "seek out the instigators of the Browder imprisonment—the Dies committee, the Coughlins, the appeasers, the isolationists, the pro-Nazis. These are the only people who want to keep Browder in prison, Mr. President," they will say East, West, North, and South in the next few weeks.

Let us guard against loose rumors. Let there be no false optimism. No matter how successful the Congress was—*Browder is still in prison.* Every delegate understood this. Every delegate went home to reach more people—trade unionists, ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, leaders of Negro communities, youth, women, to appeal for executive clemency for Browder. More letters, more telegrams to the President, to Attorney General Biddle, to your senator, to your congressman, more letters to the press—write your local editor about the Congress, answer Poison-Pen Pegler.

Let us build a sufficiently broad, numerically strong, patriotically powerful, popular movement that will give our President ample justification to act. Let us snow under the mean, covert opposition to this act of common American justice! Let their threatened blast of criticism to embarrass the President be drowned out in the enthusiastic endorsement of millions of fairminded Americans who are ready to say, "Well done, Mr. President." For those determined delegates there will be no victory until Earl Browder is restored to his family and his post as a fighting American helping to smash Hitler.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

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WHY DIES "DISCOVERED" NUDISM

Some curious aspects of the demagogue's attack on the Economic Warfare Board. The little-publicized work of the Board and how it ran afoul of two gentlemen from Texas.

Washington.

THE timing of Martin Dies' recent onslaught against the Economic Warfare Board (EWB) is worth considerable attention. He chose to blast an important war agency at the moment when the appeasement-minded faction in the State Department seemed about to lose out in its bitter struggle to delimit the Board's effectiveness. He chose the moment when Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, was frantically engaged in a last-minute stand to prevent the Board from freeing itself from his stifling control. Just then Mr. Dies rushed in, hoping to turn the tide of battle. But the significance of the Dies attack only becomes clear with some understanding of the role played by the EWB within the total war effort. Up to the present, the work of the Board has been hidden away in the press: people generally are not quite sure what the Board does or how it functions. Mr. Dies, as usual, took advantage of this lack of information.

The EWB is headed by Vice-President Wallace. Serving with him are the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Agriculture, Commerce, and the Attorney General. But the administration of the Board actually devolves to the energetic executive director, Milo Perkins, appointed by President Roosevelt. It is said in Washington that the EWB (an outgrowth of the Economic Defense Board created by executive order last July) is of all the war agencies the least contaminated with the disease of appeasement. Its active personnel is convinced that fascism must be smashed by simultaneous attack from all possible fronts, of which the economic front must be considered of major importance.

Through its control of exports (though decisions are subject to State Department approval) the Board seeks to plug leakage of materials to the Axis by way of the so-called European "neutrals." It advocates drastic curtailment of all such exports —not to be confused with lend-lease shipments. It endeavors to press its program of "preclusive buying"; that is, it plans to buy abroad materials for use by this country and the United Nations, and thereby keep these materials from falling into enemy hands. Along with the State Department, the Board participates in drawing up master agreements with lend-lease nations, as well as adjusting the many details arising from lend-lease administration. In view of losses of raw material sources, the Board surveys possibilities of developing new sources, expecting to translate these projects into action as quickly as possible.

These many functions obviously involve a great deal of economic research. The Board employs large staffs of economic analysts and specialists with intimate knowledge of resources throughout the world. For the Board must be prepared to provide the military authorities with detailed information on strategic bases—whether in Europe, Africa, or the Far East. It must keep fully informed on the war potential of the enemy. It must be ready with specific material on the enemy's strategic economic centers vulnerable to aerial bombardment.

It is common knowledge that the EWB desires to inflict the greatest economic damage to the Axis, and to offer ever new means of aiding the United Nations. Yet since its creation, the appeasers and the diehards have tried to block the Board's moves. Certain groups in the State Department adopted from the first an attitude of scornful superiority. And since the Board has the power to recommend curtailment of exports to European "neutrals," but lacks the power to force the State Department to accept these recommendations, the going has been slow and arduous. For the State Department appeasers find ever new "reasons" to ignore any suggested curtailment. Nor did Pearl Harbor put a stop to shipments of strategic materials to Spain and Portugal, North French Africa and Vichy. Almost invariably these shipments have been condemned by the Board —and the State Department has brushed objections aside. The excuse is some mumbo-jumbo about "political" considerations outweighing economic benefits.

The conflict between the Board and the State Department has sharpened with each passing week. Yet slowly the Board is gaining authority. Controls are stricter. And the Board's resistance has brought the appeasement elements still extant in the State Department increasingly into the open.

MOREOVER, the effectiveness of the Economic Warfare Board suffers from lack of funds with which to enforce its decisions for itself. In some cases, it has managed to purchase mercury, cork, and olive oil from Spain, tungsten and cork from Portugal, cork and olive oil from North Africa. But far too often the Board is confronted by Jesse Jones, who as head of the Metals Reserve Corp., the Rubber Reserve Corp., and other similar agencies, controls most foreign purchasing. And Mr. Jones does not take kindly to recommendations. Right now he is busily trying to wriggle out of responsibility for failing to obtain synthetic rubber production. He has elaborate and bombastic excuses for not obtaining sufficient supplies of tin, tung oil, and scores of other products formerly available in the Far East. Only recently the EWB urged Mr. Jones to buy Tur-

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key's supply of opium, high in morphine content, particularly since the United States possesses less than two years' supply which would dwindle rapidly as our fighting forces expand. Jones has not taken the Board's advice—and shows no inclination to do so. He has also refused to buy Spanish mercury as the Board requested.

Mr. Jones has other excuses for inaction. He complains that the market price is "too high." Or he claims that he can't find shipping space. Or he just lets things go and does not try to justify his failures. Even so, the EWB has refused to be blocked by such dilly-dallying. For a while it thought of taking over the Import-Export Bank—but this idea seems to be in the discard because it presents too many difficulties. Instead the Board has requested an allocation from the President so that it can set up its own purchasing corporation, independent of the Secretary of Commerce. It looks as though this request will be granted within the next few days. So likely does it appear that Mr. Jones has made one last foray to prevent the Board from fighting strenuously on the economic front. He has pulled out of his hat what he calls the American Commercial Corp., which, he says, will engage in preclusive buying from Spain, Portugal, and Turkey—a rather transparent attempt to cover up his past failures and to block the Board's plan to set up its own purchasing corporation.

At this moment Martin Dies appears on the scene with his scurrilous attack. A coincidence?

IT IS worth remembering that Jesse Jones is Democratic boss of Texas. Mr. Dies is also from Texas. And his fury against the Economic Warfare Board explodes just when his fellow Texan is losing out in a battle with the Board, and just when the appeasers in the State Department are forced to give ground.

As always, Dies misrepresents and lies. He deliberately tries to give the impression that the Board concerns itself only with problems of postwar reconstruction. Typically, he "charges" the Board with trying to spread "nudist" theories. The ridicule is meant to destroy—in plain language, Dies has set out to scuttle an effective war agency. He knows, moreover, that ninety-nine percent of the Board's efforts are concentrated on solving problems of immediate concern to the prosecution of the war. But Dies never allows the truth to get mixed up with anything he touches.

But perhaps this time Mr. Dies miscalculated. Vice-President Wallace's denunciation was the sharpest and most outspoken condemnation Dies has yet suffered from the administration. The editorial comment in the nation's newspapers was almost unanimously in support of the Vice-President.

For once Dies can be said to have performed a service to the country—even if it was inadvertent. He centered attention on the achievements of the EWB. And he immersed himself up to his neck in very hot water. The possibility of preventing the Dies committee from receiving an appropriation is brighter than ever before. Even Rep. John J. Cochran, chairman of the House Accounts Committee and formerly inclined to support Dies, let it be known that he is disgusted and will exert his influence to keep at a minimum any funds voted to the committee. As things stand today, pressure on Congress can well cause a move to reconsider the recent vote continuing the committee.

Burton

JOHN L. LEWIS recently took the Dairy Farmers Union of New York into his District 50, claiming that thereby he recruited 20,000 new members into the Union Mine Workers. A careful check, however, reveals that the DFU boasts at most a membership of 7,000. At the moment Lewis is putting $30,000 to $40,000 a month into the DFU. Lewis does not spend money for nothing.

In the New York milkshed, there is another organization known as the Dairymen's League. The League is quite openly controlled by Borden and Sheffield. Moreover, a certain Mr. Sexauer is known to be extremely influential in the League, Mr. Sexauer in the past enjoyed close connections with America First.

Now, supposedly, the Dairy Farmers Union, which Lewis has corraled, and the Dairymen's League, manipulated by Borden and Sheffield, are in violent opposition to one another. But news leaks into Washington that Mr. Sexauer has become an angel of peace. He is cooking up a deal with the two companies whereby Borden and Sheffield will grant higher prices on milk deliveries when Lewis' DFU presents its demands. Thus, John L. Lewis will suddenly appear as the savior of the dairy farmers.

New York state holds national and state elections this year. The Borden and Sheffield companies are very much aware of this fact—and so is Mr. Lewis. If, with the help of Mr. Sexauer, Lewis' importance in up-state New York can be inflated, then supposedly a word from Lewis at election may well carry weight. John L. Lewis is connected with the appeasers. And Rep. Bernard J. Gehrmann of Wisconsin has just revealed that Sheffield and Borden helped scuttle the Department of Agriculture's victory program to increase milk production so that America could ship greater quantities of food to the anti-Axis nations.

The picture is clear enough: John L. Lewis, isolationist in control of the DFU, expects a higher price for the dairy farmers because of a deal with Borden and Sheffield, both anxious to limit milk production. Mr. Sexauer, once of America First, acts as go-between. The election is in the offing, And it all adds up to nothing good.

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Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

AH! APRIL!

SPRING is all very well in its place; but it can be carried too far. I am well aware that poets and radio announcers fall into a tender swoon along with the first green buds. But alas, by me, spring spells nothing but trouble. For April in the McKenney-Flynn clan was always a major disaster—an annual catastrophe but on the super-colossal scale.

The McKenney-Flynn spring fever bouts were related in a grim but cock-eyed fashion. Grandpa McKenney went crazy every April on the subject of his ankle-hugging, red-flannel, front-lacing underdrawers and the late Queen Alexandra's birthday; while Grandpa Flynn waited for the first crocus to stage his annual battle against corn flakes. And improbable as it may seem to the mere outlander, both the red flannels and the corn flakes were extremely vice-versa, politically speaking. The underpants were Royalist; and the corn flake revolution was Grandpa Fynn's answer to Grandpa McKenney and the American middle class. Grandpa Flynn violently disliked both Grandpa McKenney and the way of life which produced patent breakfast foods; in fact, he considered corn flakes and his life-long enemy, Grandpa McKenney, completely intermarried.

Grandpa Flynn's low opinion of Grandpa McKenney was more than mutual; Grandpa McKenney's annual April excesses stemmed directly from the sad fact that he just couldn't abide that loud-mouthed, red-headed, whiskey-drinking Pat Flynn. For Grandpa McKenney wasn't usually stubborn; even at seventy he was a good deal of a sweetie. He used to bow my Grandma in and out of doors with considerable flourish and except for the yearly April row, I never remember him as anything but a Sir Walter Scott type when it came to his wife, who was seventeen years his junior and the complete apple of his eye.

But a man can be pressed too far, and even neutrals had to admit that Grandpa Flynn was a bit trying at times. And as the years passed, Grandpa McKenney got more and more bull-headed about his red pants and Queen Alexandra. Grandpa McKenney was really Scotch-Irish, but he'd grown up in Canada (a cold country) where he'd been conditioned to the underdrawers-and-the-Queen habit. He probably would have dropped the whole business after he moved to Cleveland, O., except that Grandpa Flynn, who came from Dublin, spoke freely and frankly on the subject of the Orange and Ulster. Grandpa McKenney replied, over the decades, by turning more and more English and more and more Royalist.

My Grandma wouldn't have minded her husband's increasingly acrid political opinions except that he insisted on celebrating them via the red flannel-Queen's birthday method. And Grandma thought that was just plain too much. It was, too. For Queen Alexandra's birthday fell on May 11, Grandpa said. And in Canada, again according to Grandpa, all good subjects of Her Most Royal Majesty, celebrated the Queen's natal day by shifting from the old red flannels to cotton underpants, if any.

The good people of Montreal may be able to muddle through with long woolen underpants until May, but in Ohio it gets pretty darned warm by the middle of April. And so every year, with the first spring day, Grandma used to air Grandpa's rakish red flannels on the back-yard clothesline, by way of preparing them for their long summer sojourn in the attic. And every year all hell would break loose. Grandpa's handsome white mustaches would bristle down to the last hair; in outraged tones he used to predict the sure advent of pneumonia, chills, and fever. But Grandpa's wild protests never did him any good. The pants went to the attic, and Grandpa, convinced that he was committing *lese majeste* in addition to risking his very life, would be forced into his embroidered linen union suits. And since Grandpa McKenney was fundamentally a darling, he used to recover from his fury and make up the fight with his worshipped wife by taking everybody to the circus.

Spring fever in the Flynn family was a much more serious affair. April loosened up what Grandpa Flynn called the cricks in his joints. Somehow his hair looked redder and his eyes looked bluer. Grandma Flynn, with pardonable asperity, used to say that the whole world knew Pat Flynn was spoiling for a fight, come April.

In which case, I could never understand why she forced the corn flakes issue along with the daffodils. It certainly looked like provocation, and Grandpa Flynn was a life-long sucker for a dare. For corn flakes were an Orange flag to Grandpa Flynn. First place, Grandpa McKenney ate corn flakes and liked them. Second place, Grandpa Flynn believed that every decent working man included in his breakfast snack a good sized dish of fried potatoes; seven or eight eggs ladled in bacon grease; a few pancakes with maple syrup; the merest soupcon of hot fresh buttered bread with jam; four or five cups of strong black tea boiled, of course, for at least twenty minutes over the fire; with maybe a slice or two of fried ham or a nice juicy cut of steak.

Now Grandpa Flynn's nine daughters and after them, my Grandma Flynn, considered fried potatoes for breakfast a horrid vulgarity. Corn flakes were refined; fried potatoes were a blot on the Flynn escutcheon. Suppose the neighbors knew?

"*Nobody* eats fried potatoes for breakfast any more," my youngest and most cultured aunt would sob at her backward and unfashionable father.

Grandpa used to reply with that rude and proletarian noise known as the Bronx cheer.

"Papa!" my nine aunts would chorus, in horror.

And then, with the first bright April morning, Grandpa would bustle into breakfast and find at his place, instead of the usual semi-circle of loaded platters, a simple, lonely, cereal bowl, chockfull of corn flakes. And as Grandpa stiffened with outrage, Grandma would mutter something about fried potatoes being bad enough in winter, and small excuse there was for steak even in January, but now that spring was here—!

Ah, me! I can smell the early peach blossoms in the yard, where we children were immediately banished when Grandpa started slowly, but impressively, to turn purple. We could hear Grandpa's voice, even from our observation post on the iron picket fence; in fact, neighbors from blocks away gathered to listen. For Grandpa's opinions of corn flakes were picturesque, to put it mildly. The female Flynns regarded corn flakes as a step up on the ladder they were perpetually trying to climb. Grandpa, on the other hand, had corn flakes confused with Cromwell.

"Ah, ye may trample pore Ire-land in the bloody dust," Grandpa would bellow, every April, "but niver you think you can face this mawn dawn with you-r-r-re corn flakes! No! NO! NIVER!"

Everybody cheered except my aunts and Grandma Flynn, who was most unfortunately born in Surrey, England, a fact which Grandpa ungallantly remembered on corn flake days.

It was an uneven battle; Grandpa was outnumbered, ten to one, twenty to one, if you count in daughters-in-law and outlying female cousins. But numbers aren't everything. The shame of fried potatoes was as nothing compared to the shame of the Kinsman Road streetcar line coming to a full halt, the better to hear Grandpa's plaintive cries against tithe collectors and commercial breakfast food. Grandpa was always an easy victor in the annual spring contest. He celebrated by leading his grandchildren in a spirited chorus of "The Wearing o' the Green" while Grandma fried potatoes in the kitchen.

Ah! April! The world sees spring as the tender season; to me the first crocus will always mean red flannels versus corn flakes. April! And proletarian fried potatoes rampant over the Royalist underpants as the smoke of battle clears! April may have been grim, but anyway, working class virtue triumphed.

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ROYALTIES *versus* LOYALTIES

Lessons of Standard Oil's relations with I. G. Farbenindustrie. Theodore Draper discusses the practices that harm the war effort.

The Standard Oil case and the other cases discussed by Mr. Draper constitute, as he points out, "the economic basis of appeasement." It goes without saying that the government must act to break any connections that may still exist between American firms and Axis or Axis-controlled concerns. One important element in such connections is the monopolistic control of patents. As a preliminary to considering legislation regulating patents and international cartel agreements, the Senate Patents Committee has opened hearings to determine whether patents, held here and abroad, are impeding war production. Determined action by Congress and by the State and Justice Departments can help remedy the abuses revealed by the testimony on Standard Oil and at the same time avoid the pitfall of an indiscriminate campaign against big business such as Thurman Arnold seems to have in mind. The fact that Arnold's disclosures about Standard Oil came only a few days after he had made a savage attack on organized labor—an attack which Attorney General Biddle found it necessary to disclaim—shows that he is pursuing his own brand of business as usual: combining labor-busting with so-called trust-busting in order to play on the fears and insecurity of the middle classes. However, America is not fighting a war against big business, but a war in which our leading capitalists, along with our humblest citizens, have a stake in victory. National unity embraces all classes and groups, and while practices that harm the war effort cannot be tolerated from any source, the methods employed in combating them must be such as to strengthen rather than weaken the common fight.—The Editors.

THERE is danger that the whole point of the Standard Oil case may be lost. The company's executives have denied some of the government's charges and admitted others. But they have not denied or repudiated the kind of relation which existed with the Axis companies; they have merely claimed that the results were not as disastrous in the development of synthetic rubber as Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold had implied.

Yet even as Pres. W. S. Farish of Standard Oil of New Jersey fought back savagely on the technical details, he confirmed and elaborated the larger and more incriminating political side of the case. In fact, he was so determined to prove that Standard was no worse than any other big business in its deals with the Axis, that he seemed completely oblivious to the significance of anything which did not have a direct bearing on the narrow interests of his company.

For example, Mr. Farish readily admitted that the German subsidiary of Standard did plan in 1938 or 1939 to erect a plant in Hamburg to produce aviation gasoline. Those years were not ordinary years. After the annexation of Austria in March 1938, the future war was an absolute commonplace of ordinary conversation. Yet this was Mr. Farish's explanation:

"The German Government in 1938 and 1939 was expanding its aviation gasoline facilities, and our company was behind other American and British controlled companies in Germany's refining program. Under the circumstances, our German subsidiary could do nothing less than the others had done."

In explaining away the peculiar Standard-Farbenindustrie agreement at The Hague in September 1939, as merely an assignment of patents, Mr. Farish made a few more interesting disclosures. He related that Ambassador Kennedy had asked the British Foreign Office for permission to hold the negotiations; that Standard's negotiator offered to conduct the discussions in the presence of a member of the United States Legation at The Hague; and that the United States Minister stepped in and asked Washington for permission to send the patent papers to Paris by diplomatic courier.

The State Department's second involvement in the case was even more interesting. As late as October 23, 1941, Standard supplied aviation gasoline to the Italian Lati airline in Brazil. Farish pleaded that Ambassador Jefferson Caffery in Brazil and several other State Department officials approved. It turned out that this was a half truth, if true at all, but at most Farish was only trying to establish an alibi at the expense of the State Department.

Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle, Jr., didn't call Farish a liar, but he strongly hinted. Berle said that the State Department asked the company to stop the sales, the company refused, the Department took steps to put Standard's subsidiary in Brazil on the blacklist, the company finally gave in. Berle left some doubt whether Caffery in Brazil was altogether in line with Washington in the affair.

Evidently the State Department didn't interfere actively with Standard's service to the Axis until two weeks before Pearl Harbor. This may explain the difference in the Department's attitude to The Hague agreement in 1939 and the Lati sales in 1941. For that difference, we may be grateful. But the fact remains that Lati was started in 1939; the State Department carefully kept a record of the spies, saboteurs, Gestapo agents, gauleiters, propagandists, and war materials which the line carried to and from Germany to the Western Hemisphere; and picked up the courage to stop the scandal only at the very end of the eleventh hour.

In short, Standard and Farbenindustrie worked together in an environment of diplomacy and war. Mr. Arnold said that Standard went into cartel agreements in order to get a "protected market." But in the effort to control the market, Standard helped to form a network of business relations with Axis companies which were directly linked with the Axis war machines. This network was nothing less than the economic basis of appeasement and its very existence was more important

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than any isolated market operations or cartel restriction.

The Standard Oil executives acted ambiguously, to put it mildly, because they were men of divided loyalties, divided between their business interests and their patriotic duties, divided as many wealthy and powerful Frenchmen were. That is the meaning of the case—about this there is not the possibility of a defense. Even if not a single pound of rubber was lost, the terms on which the company was prepared to do business with the Axis would be just as significant in the total frame of the war.

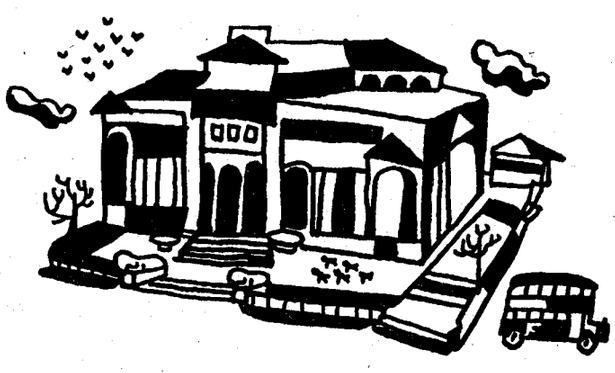
It's an old story. It's also a story with many unwritten chapters, some of which are a much more important part of the secret history of the war than the much-advertised influence of Paul Reynaud's famous mistress. To appreciate the heavy price which has already been paid for the disease of divided loyalties, the environment which produced the Standard Oil case should be considered as a whole.

Trysting-Place. Standard Oil's cartel agreement is like a popgun to the Bank of International Settlement's cannon.

The BIS was formed in 1930 to carry out the technical details of the Young Plan. The founders were the German Reichsbank, Bank of England, Bank of France, Bank of Italy, National Bank of Belgium, a Japanese consortium, and three United States banks (J. P. Morgan & Co., First National Bank of New York, and First National Bank of Chicago)—a combination which proved very convenient in the years of appeasement. The Young Plan expired in 1931, but the BIS lived on, not because of what the bank did but rather what was done in the bank. By the time the Nazis took over in Germany, the financial duties of the BIS were very vague, yet its international importance increased steadily.

If Dr. Schacht paid a visit in London to his intimate friend, Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, it was front-page news. But as members of the BIS, Schacht and Norman could meet in Basel, Switzerland, headquarters of the BIS, and escape notice. They were not the only ones. The other British member was Sir Otto Niemeyer as president of the BIS. The other German members were Herr Hermann Schmitz of the I. G. Farbenindustrie and Baron Kurt von Schroeder of the Stein Bank of Cologne. (The famous dinner party at which Papen agreed to give Hitler the chancellorship was held at this Baron von Schroeder's home.) Other members of the BIS were Pierre Fournier, governor of the Bank of France, and two other Frenchmen; Georges Jannsen, governor of the National Bank of Belgium, and one more Belgian; V. Azzolini, governor of the Bank of Italy, and one more Italian; two representatives of Japan and one each from Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland. The United States banks were represented only unofficially because the United States government refused to ratify the final agreement. But in 1939 a new managing president was installed in the bank; he was T. H. McKittrick, formerly of Lee, Higginson & Co., Boston.

For a time the setup worked beautifully. The visits of the bankers, most of whose names were unfamiliar to the public, became so monotonous that they were never even reported. That something was wrong was obvious, but it was hard to get the evidence. According to the rules, the decisions of the BIS had to be unanimous and it seemed queer that ten representatives of the democratic powers were always able to agree somehow with seven representatives of the Axis. But in the summer of 1939 a slip-up was made and a peep into the inner workings of the BIS was finally permitted.



In the vaults of the Bank of England at this time were about £6,000,000 in the name of the Bank of International Settlements on behalf of the Bank of Czechoslovakia. After the Nazi occupation of Prague on March 15, the British government froze all the Czech funds in the British banks to prevent the new masters from grabbing them. But the Nazis thought of Basel. Dr. Funk quietly took up the matter with Montagu Norman and Sir Otto Niemeyer and a pretty little conspiracy was set in motion. The Nazis in control of the Bank of Czechoslovakia asked the BIS to ask the Bank of England for the money. In turn, the Bank of England handed the money to the BIS which handed it to the Bank of Czechoslovakia which was now a "utensil" of the Reichsbank.

In Commons Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, admitted that the two British members of the BIS had not even bothered to consult the British government about the transfer. Yet the freezing regulations and the general political situation, if they did not involve Norman and Niemeyer as bankers, did involve them as Englishmen. One detail was especially piquant. It came out that Simon first found out about the flight of the £6,000,000 from the French ambassador who innocently came to inquire about the British government's attitude on the Nazi request in the BIS for the Czech funds.

After the war broke out, the question arose whether it was fitting to have the Governor of the Bank of England sit on the same board of directors as the Governor of the Reichsbank. It was answered affirmatively. The BIS has changed less than most other things in this war, except that the Axis today controls a majority of the votes.

Men Without a Country. Last year about 700,000 persons in the city and province of Buenos Aires, Argentina, paid for electric power and many more were passengers on the local street cars. It is doubtful whether Chade meant a thing to one in a thousand or even one in a hundred thousand. About 250,000 customers of electricity and a larger number of street car passengers in Mexico never heard of the equally mysterious Sidro. Nor of the word which made Chade and Sidro possible—Sofina.

They merely happen to be the names of the holding companies which control the properties. Chade is a shortening of Compania Hispano-Americana de Electricidad; Sidro means Societe Internationale d'Energie Hydro-Electrique; Sofina is Societe Financiere de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles. But in Argentina, Chade is known as Compania Argentina de Electricidad and three other local names; Sidro hides out as the Mexican Light and Power Co., Ltd. and Mexico Tramways Co.; and Sofina is called differently in Berlin, Lisbon, Brussels, Venice, Paris, Algiers, Barcelona, Ghent, and perhaps even Chicago.

Sofina has a board of directors which has no equal, except possibly in the BIS. Side by side are: *Great Britain,* Reginald McKenna, president of the Midland Bank, one of the "big four" in the British Isles; *Germany,* Albert d'Heur of the German electric trust, AEG or Allegemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft; *Italy,* Count Volpi di Misurati, president of the Fascist Confederation of Industries; *France,* Andre Meyer of Lazard Bros.; *Spain,* Francisco A. Cambo y Batlle, Catalan banker and backer of the Franco rebellion; *Belgium,* Fernand Hautain, honorary governor of the National Bank of Belgium; *Switzerland,* Rodolphe G. Bindschedler, chairman of the Swiss electric trust; *United States,* Gordon Auchincloss and Maurice

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Pesson-Didion, representing the Morgan interests—and two dozen others of the same rank and variety.

Sofina is not an ordinary cartel; it actually owns or controls its properties and has "interests" in many more. Its executives are the men of divided loyalties par excellence. It would take the rest of this article to list all the holdings, but some of the most important, besides Argentina and Mexico, are: *Germany,* Berliner Kraft und Licht and Gesellschaft fur Elektrische Unternehmungen; the first supplies light and power to Berlin and suburbs, the second is a general holding company of electric properties; *France,* six vast systems, including Compagnie Electrique de la Loire et du Centre and Energie Electrique du Nord de la France; *Portugal,* gas and electric system of Lisbon; *Italy,* besides its own sprawling properties, Sofina is linked with the great Italian trust, Societa Adriatica di Electricita; *Great Britain,* Electric and Railway Finance Corp. Sofina has also gone into other fields and is today an important nitrate producer in close touch with Farbenindustrie.

Sofina has also invaded the United States. In October 1936 it began to buy heavily in the Middle West Corp., which is itself a great holding company serving 2,333 communities in the whole or part of the states of Wisconsin, Illinois, South Dakota, Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Ontario, Canada. In its report of 1939 Sofina coyly mentioned that the Middle West Corp. was only one of the "undertakings" in the United States in which it had acquired "interests," but the others were not given. Nor was it stated whether Sofina has a controlling interest in the Middle West Corp., though that is the presumption because the report lists only the most important holdings.

It would also be interesting to get the details about the tie-up between Sofina and the American General Electric, because the latter controls the British Thomson-Houston Co. (one of the biggest electric combines in the British Isles) which is closely connected with Sofina. Moreover, the British General Electric Co., Ltd., is associated financially with the Italian firm of Pirelli through a jointly owned company in England, Pirelli-General Cable Works, Ltd. Pirelli was brought into the Standard Oil case by Assistant Attorney General Arnold who revealed that Standard refused to give samples of its Butyl rubber to British and American companies but generously advised Pirelli to get them from Farbenindustrie.

Sofina and Sidro have their headquarters in the same building in Brussels; Chade's office is in Madrid. Sofina is the parent company, though through an interesting system of interlocking directorates, it is hard to know where one ends and the other begins. In any case the three have the same kind of setup. On Chade's board, for example, are Franco's Duke of Alba, Chamberlain's F. D'Arcy Cooper of Lever Bros., and Morgan's Gordon Auchincloss, under the chairmanship of Cambo y Batlle. The profits of the three combines are literally astronomical and many of the subsidiaries pay dividends as high as 20 percent.

At present the Axis, or rather Nazi Germany, is solidly in control of the entire system. It is certainly within the province of the Truman committee to investigate how far that system extends in the Western Hemisphere. Sofina, greatest and least known of the international syndicates, went through World War I and might explain a good deal about World War II.

They ordered this matter worse in France. In Thurman Arnold's list of artificial shortages was aluminum. Unfortunately the United States was not the first country to complain.

One day, in 1939, some French papers began to take an interest in the aluminum industry. It developed that French production, 1934-38, increased from 16,500 tons to 40,000 tons. In the same period, however, German production increased from 37,000 tons to 180,000 tons.

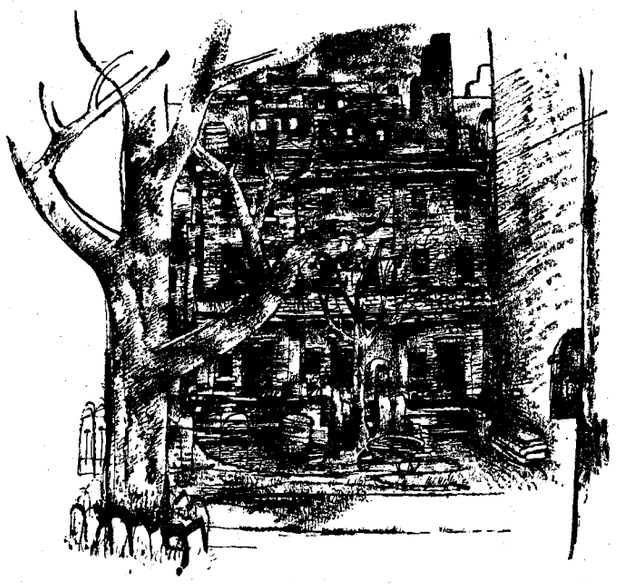
At first the reason was a mystery. For bauxite, from which aluminum is extracted, had to be imported by Germany, whereas France was the world's greatest producer. Yet the Nazis were never in trouble. A bauxite syndicate of Zurich, jointly controlled by German and Swiss interests, dominated about one-fourth of the world bauxite production in Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Germany needed more but obtained the rest from France, because French bauxite producers made more profit by selling the precious mineral outside than by converting it into aluminum for airplanes at home. The scandal was so great that one newspaper, *L'Oeuvre,* March 28, 1939, by no means an enemy of appeasement, wrote: "In the present circumstances of Hitlerist expansion, it may be said that these transactions constitute a continuous act of treason."

Not that the French bauxite producers were any worse than the bankers or the iron ore producers or the pyrite producers or the rest. They were "merely" preparing for total war by getting the highest prices and exploiting the easiest market. That is to say, they wouldn't have done differently if they were preparing for Germany's total war.

THE BIS, Sofina, France's bauxite, and the Standard Oil case —all came out of the same soil of appeasement. The men at the top could not tear themselves away from the Axis in the economic sphere, yet found themselves in a position to fight the Axis in the political and military sphere.

It would have been healthier for Europe and the world generally if France had had a Standard case. The intelligence and energy of the Truman committee, and the decision of the government to make known the facts in at least one case of importance, indicate that the lesson has not been lost on us. A start has been made, but only a start. Thurman Arnold admitted that I. G. Farbenindustrie alone had more than 100 cartel agreements with companies in the United States for which we have paid, as a nation, in military preparedness. He also disclosed similar restrictions in the production of magnesium, aluminum, tungsten-carbide, drugs, dyestuffs, and a "variety" of other first-rate materials of war.

Above all, even if the technical side of the shortages are made up, there will remain the more important political side. It may be tiresome to refer again and again to the example of France, but it will be time enough to forget about it when we have nothing more to learn. If the Standard Oil executives think that they can fight the Axis today with the mental reservations which they carefully formulated in their business deals yesterday, the only thing that can be said to them is that equally clever men tried it in France and brought a great nation to humiliation and ruin. THEODORE DRAPER.



Helliker

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Mighty Chorus

IT WAS the first time that a CIO and an AFL president had spoken from the same platform—on April 7, in Pittsburgh, at the mass "victory rally" held by America's two great labor organizations. True, Philip Murray and William Green have been working together through the Joint Labor Victory Board established by President Roosevelt. Their organizations have a common program, common policies for winning the war. Yet the meeting at Pittsburgh was excitingly symbolic. It was a celebration of labor unity and will-to-victory. "This meeting," said Federal Security Administrator McNutt, who also spoke, "will be bad news for Hitler and the Mad Militarists of Japan." It was bad news for the Hitler-thinkers at home too. For one thing the rally did was to answer again the libels spread by Rep. Howard Smith and his shrieking labor-haters. And the display of patriotism in the hall, the hurrahs which greeted every allusion to the workers' role in this war, were themselves an answer to any insinuation that labor was holding back on the production front.

Another such joint rally is planned for Chicago in the near future. There should be many of them. For the greatest significance of these meetings is their effect on the unity of the nation. As Murray said at Pittsburgh: "Let this be a spark that will enkindle a spirit of trust and tolerance, a true national unity—a unity built upon the one aim of winning the war!" Only a day after the Pittsburgh rally, it was reported from Washington that the War Production Board had in the first week of April received reports from 444 labor-management committees—practical, detailed reports on plans for accelerating production. The only dissenting voices in this atmosphere of united determination are the minority businessmen who want to "lick labor" before beating Hitler, and the tiny fraction of labor that sulks with John L. Lewis, whose tent is pitched next to that of the "Hitler can wait" protagonists.

Example in Detroit

THE largest labor union in America, in the key industry of war production, has set an example of practical leadership. At a two-day conference, the United Automobile Workers drew up a program which is designed to "furnish our armed forces with the weapons which they need speedily to take the offensive on the military front." Note the wording—when the 1,400 delegates said "victory" they were not talking about a vague future. To the "speedy offensive" they geared their discussions and decisions.

The outcome was a program with the following major goals: a three percent ceiling on profits; demand for an assurance against wartime millionaires; rigid price fixing; rationing of food, clothing, housing, other necessities; adjustment of wages to the higher cost of living; security for the dependents of men in the armed forces; a moratorium on debts of those made jobless by priorities; acceptance of the War Labor Board's joint labor-management committees in war plants; a joint labor-employer-agriculture-government board for postwar planning; an offer, contingent upon acceptance of the entire program, to receive all overtime pay in non-negotiable government war bonds; renewal of the ban on strikes for the duration; and a demand that arms production be put on a 168-hour-a-week basis.

Delegates pledged themselves to increase production "by all means available, both by collective and individual effort." They called for establishment of a special labor production division of the War Labor Board. They discussed steps against anti-Negro and anti-foreign born discrimination in war industries. And they started a new war-bond drive, having completed their first one. Finally, they sent their greetings to the Allied commanders, MacArthur, Timoshenko, Chiang Kai-shek, and Wavell.

To be sure, there were people who had hoped the UAW would stage a fight on issues of overtime pay and double pay for Sundays. These people remembered past factional disputes in the UAW and hoped for the worst. Instead, the conference waived the double pay and hurried on to bigger issues, emerging with its "Victory through Equality of Sacrifice" program. A small percentage revealed a certain confusion in the debates; some were reluctant to put military victory *first*—and a very small band of KKK-sympathizers did their best to disrupt. But the UAW as a whole had moved way ahead even since its Buffalo meeting last August. Its leaders were united, there was no Red-baiting. Even before the conference the auto workers had achievements to be proud of—in many plants records for plane production have been broken, and the United States is now turning out 3,300 "birds" a month. The UAW meeting will give further impetus to this highspeed drive for victory.

Little Enough for Victory

IF YOU don't already own one, or buy one within the next few months, you will have to get along without an electric toaster. And such things as metal ash trays, metal furniture, electric shavers, washing machines, phonographs, and a host of other consumers' goods are going to become as extinct as the dodo—except for the millions of such items already in the hands of consumers and on the shelves of retailers.

The new order of the War Production Board closing down the manufacture of almost all consumers' durable goods within the next three months brings the war into the American home. So does another order affecting the distaff side of the nation, which will do away with long full skirts and those cornucopia sleeves and other such furbelows in next fall's styles in order to save 100,000,000 yards of fabric. A third order issued during the past week curbs non-essential building: new residential construction, except for maintenance and repair, is banned if it will cost $500 or more; new agricultural construction is limited to a cost under $1,000; and other new construction must be under $5,000.

These orders may appear drastic in a country accustomed to many conveniences and luxuries—though millions of Americans have never had the wherewithal to enjoy them. Actually the sacrifice involved is small; in the case of the shutdown of durable goods production, for example, it is the retailers and their employes, rather than the consumers, who will be most seriously hit. Yet there are those who do not hesitate to utilize these little inconveniences in order to fan discontent and incite against the war effort. For example, there was that editorial in the April 6 issue of the New York *Daily News,* which said: "It may seem petty to bring up the recent trouser cuff abolition; but it had a totalitarian flavor about it nonetheless. . . . The same as to the order that to get a new tin tube of toothpaste or shaving cream you must henceforth turn in an old one. That has a dictatorial smack to it. . . . The bicycle freezing order is the latest totalitarian *verboten* . . . we are being ordered and rationed around in an ever more bullying tone by the bureaucrats."

If what William Dudley Pelley has been writing in publications with a few hundred or few thousand circulation is sedition, what

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would you call this kind of stuff appearing in a newspaper with a circulation of 2,000,000?

Hitler, like the *Daily News,* would much rather have us turn our metals into toasters instead of tanks. But the American people put tanks first and are ready for much greater sacrifices to defeat Hitler and the Japanese. There is reason to rejoice at the new orders of the War Production Board; they are the building blocks of victory.

Cracking Racism

AN HISTORIC obstacle to our fighting strength and to democracy itself has been cleared away with the Navy Department's announcement that Negroes may now enlist in the ranks and as non-commissioned officers. Up to now they had been admitted into the Navy only as messmen and kitchen boys—a form of discrimination protested by both Negroes and whites who realize that Hitler's racism cannot be separated from his blitzes. Moreover, the Navy decision opens the way for thousands of Negro fighters of the caliber of Dorie Miller, Negro messman who was recently cited by Secretary Knox for manning two machine guns, for the first time in his life, while under fire at Pearl Harbor. No sooner were the enlistments authorized than the Negro people began to respond. In identical telegrams to President Roosevelt and Secretary Knox, the National Negro Congress declared through its president and secretary, Max Yergan and John P. Davis: "We pledge anew our fullest support in the prosecution of this war against fascism." The removal of barriers to Naval enlistment is a democratic victory which should be carried further—to the complete overthrow of segregation, of discrimination in any form, wherever it exists in our armed forces or in civilian war agencies and industries.

There was another advance on the anti-racist front recently. The President's Committee on Fair Employment Practices "cracked down," so far as it was able, on ten mid-western firms judged guilty of racial and religious discrimination in hiring practices. Some of the firms exposed by the Committee had virtually refused to employ Negroes, and some had extended the ban to Jews and Catholics. In other words, they had violated the President's Executive Order against racial and religious discrimination. The committee has done excellent work in exposing the guilty—in some cases it has extracted promises from the company officials that they will mend their ways. However, to make its work really effective the committee must be empowered by law to *enforce* its recommendations. Racial discrimination is a crime against the nation and should be treated as such.

Can We Afford Another Singapore?

SEVERAL days ago Lord Halifax told us that England would defend India even if the Cripps negotiations failed. And the day after Cripps left India in failure, Jawaharlal Nehru expressed the hope that the All-India National Congress would soon formulate plans to mobilize against the enemy at the gates. With all due respect to the British ambassador, and with full understanding of Nehru's difficulties, India's salvation seems to lie primarily in Nehru's call for a people's resistance to the enemy.

For what are the realities? Last Monday Prime Minister Churchill told the House of Commons that a strong Japanese battleship formation plus a complementary flotilla was operating in the Bay of Bengal. Of course, Britain has naval forces there too, quite strong and unquestionably determined. But without overwhelming air power, even these forces face the fate of the *Hermes,* the *Cornwall,* and the *Dorsetshire,* the British cruisers and aircraft carrier sunk last week off Ceylon. As for land forces, Britain may have twenty divisions, officered by non-Indians. But whether they can withstand a victorious Japanese army coming up from Burma remains to be seen.

Bengal and Assam are the key provinces of India. That's where the industrialization is. And that, unfortunately, is where the Japanese have all the advantages. When the Japanese bomb Calcutta in earnest, and strike north in the Ganges valley toward the foothills of the Himalayas, the vital area of India is within their grasp. Significantly, the British authorities in Madras, the major east-coast seaport, have already ordered mass evacuations. At this late date, only an organized peoples resistance, rather than mere administrative decrees, can avoid real panic when the Axis bombers come.

What then can we expect from Nehru? Not as much as he could have done if General Wavell had consented to place rifles in the hands of millions of Indian guerrillas. Not as much as he could be doing if the Viceroy were to release the tens of thousands of the secondary leaders of the Congress Party and the trade unions who are still in the jails whence Nehru came only a few months ago. Not as much as he could do if Gandhi's influence had not been strengthened by the deadlock.

But Nehru can still do a great deal if he is assured of air power from Britain and the United States. He can still do much if American, British, and Indian agencies begin immediately to set up Indian Industrial Cooperatives in the hills back of Bengal, something that China did (for all the differences in the political situation) even after China's coastal cities were occupied.

A bold initiative from President Roosevelt, together with Chiang Kai-shek, perhaps through Harry Hopkins in London, might still force the Tory die-hards to realize that they are risking the loss of every position from Australia to the Suez Canal by their stubborn refusal to mobilize India in the only way that India can be mobilized.

AS FOR the Cripps negotiations: powerful American newspapers, notably the New York *Times,* have tried to make much of the proposals, but the essential truth is that India was not offered the chance of mobilizing her people for war. This being so, the so-called Moslem leaders and Gandhi were given the chance they were waiting for. Dominion status after the war sounded democratic, but the refusal to form a national government with full powers to mobilize the people in the hands of Indians was the unfortunate nub of the whole thing. Our own Continental Congress in 1774 would have seen that. The idea that minorities and the princes could secede sounded democratic. But it was as though King George III had offered a "generous proposal" to the American colonies in 1776 with the proviso that the Slave South would have the right to secede if it wished. Americans fought a Civil War on this issue. Cripps' proposals would have guaranteed many such wars for India's future. True, the British proposals went further than ever before in the purely constitutional sense; they fell short, however, of meeting the immediate issue which is no longer constitutional. True also, had India's leaders been more united, with a greater background of mass struggle, the situation, bad as it was, might have been saved. The reality nonetheless remains what it is, grim and dangerous for all the United Nations.

But there will be a rude awakening. It will come in England itself, whose own fate is at stake. It is bound to come as the war bites into India proper. And the rude awakening must come in our own country also when we all realize that failure to ensure the effective defense of India means nothing less than to risk a German-Japanese junction in the Middle East, nothing less than an incredibly prolonged and more difficult war. Apart from our sympathies, which flow from our own history, the United States has the obligation to face the hard strategic reality, to exert its influence as a decisive member of the United Nations. Immediate measures to organize India's resistance, practical measures, insisted upon by Washington—this is the need of the moment as the hour strikes twelve.

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IRISHMAN'S TESTAMENT

"Pictures in the Hallway," Sean O'Casey's second book about himself, reveals his desire to "vivify the sad music of humanity" into a song of "glorious work."

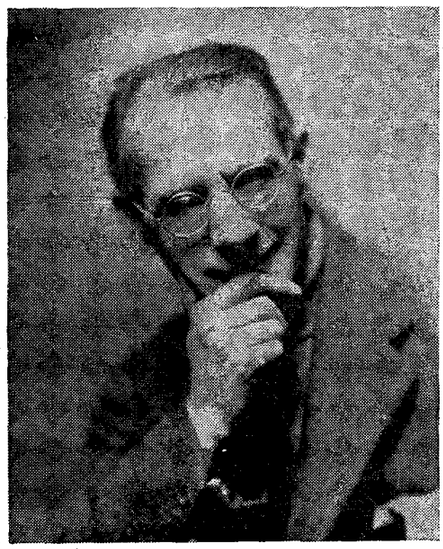
WHEN Sean O'Casey joined the editorial board of the London *Daily Worker* two years ago, NEW MASSES invited the playwright to present the reasons for his action to American readers. O'Casey's reply would make a good preface to *Pictures in the Hallway* (Macmillan, $2.75), the second volume of his autobiographical work in progress. "I look back over a fairly long life —sixty years—and I can never see myself anywhere save in the midst of the masses," wrote the author of *Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars, The Silver Tassie,* and other distinguished plays. O'Casey explained that he had always been a worker himself and hoped to die a worker: "Knowledge and power are in the world, and can give their benefit when they will be used for the fuller life of all, not for a buttress to shore up the privilege of the few."

The London *Daily Worker,* added O'Casey, stood against Nazism when many who now denounce it were throwing bouquets at Hitler. "It stood for republican Spain, and showed the foolishness of Munich before the Missioner went there. Through all, in all, and above all, it called for friendship with the powerful forces of the Soviet Union in war or in peace: it criticized the mad muddling that went on while England was losing her battles on the playing fields of Eton. . . . It claims for all men the achievements of the great minds of all races, in science, art, and literature." Finally, he had joined the paper in defense of the means of working class opinion.

The first two volumes of O'Casey's autobiography help explain the origins of his ideas. *I Knock at the Door,* as the title suggests, deals with childhood and brings the author up to the age of twelve or thirteen; *Pictures in the Hallway,* dealing with his adolescence, opens in 1891 with the death of Parnell and ends with the Boer War at the turn of the century. Inevitably, one compares these books with James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* O'Casey and Joyce write about Dublin of the same period—there was only a year or two difference in their ages. O'Casey's Johnny Casside, like Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, is a sensitive, rebellious youngster seeking a philosophy that will interpret his experience and guide his future as a writer. The strong Protestant influence of his background is rejected by Johnny, just as Stephen turns against his Jesuit teachers. Both were touched by the tempestuous controversy over the Parnell affair.

Yet the differences are far more significant. At the end of the *Portrait,* Stephen Dedalus renounces Ireland, "using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning." By contrast, Johnny Casside has been moving slowly, persistently, and then explosively toward the life of action. Art was to become a refuge for Joyce, for O'Casey a shining weapon. Joyce's negation, his aloofness from the masses, his elaborately orchestrated disillusion reflect a conception of life antithetical to that of O'Casey. The one stands, without hope, at the end of a world, looking backward into the dark abyss of time; the other stands at the edge of a new world in the creation of which he robustly participates.

One could develop the contrast into a volume that would symbolize the literary history of the past fifty years, and an interesting section would be devoted to the opposite influences of Joyce's petit bourgeois and O'Casey's working class origins. The sordid life of Dublin's slums and tenements, which the playwright was later to mirror, formed the environment of his childhood. Much of *Pictures in the Hallway* concerns the hideous exploitation of a youngster by greedy and hypocritical employers, who have here been etched in acid. "They'll dredge th' life outa you, if you stay long enough to let them do it," a fellow-employe tells Johnny. There is precious little choice for the impoverished, fatherless boy except contemptuously to fling one bad job down for another. But degrading work for a handful of pennies cannot kill the poet in him. His defiance increases, grows more conscious. He reads his Shakespeare and Ruskin with loving wonder by the glow of the precious candle. And always a sense of humor, a joy in physical sensation, an essential healthiness of spirit come to rescue him from the morbid introspection and futile recriminations of the "young artist" type.



Sean O'Casey

Johnny Casside makes his acquaintance with the theater in the unused stables on Hill Street, where audiences of forty or fifty paid tuppence to enjoy his scenes from *Henry the Sixth, Julius Cæsar,* or Boucicault's melodramas. He studies Irish, joins the Gaelic League, associates with the Sinn Feiners of the period. He makes love, with endearing naivete and shyness. He throws a copper off his horse during a Dublin demonstration. He, the humblest Roman of them all, as he says, becomes the object of three powerful appeals: The evangelical Church, the extreme nationalists for whom every Englishman is a devil and every Irish patriot a saint, and the Socialist Republican Party of James Connolly. By the end of this volume, he had only heard the name of Connolly, the name which will no doubt be so proudly conspicuous in the later stages of his life.

Like the *Portrait* or like *The Way of All Flesh,* this is no ordinary book of reminiscences. It is conceived artistically, and, if the later sections carry out the promise of the first two we shall have one of the truly distinguished books of our time. The qualities we have come to associate with the brilliant playwright are all here. One is, above all, impressed by the extraordinary range of his emotion and his speech; few writers modulate so surely from comedy to tragedy or are so surely at home in both. His second chapter O'Casey calls "Shakespeare Taps at the Window." And Johnny really listened.

Here are two interesting contrasts. The first passage describes the crowd sorrowing at the death of Parnell on that wet, gray dawn when the coffin came to Ireland: "A moving mass of lone white faces strained with anger, tight with fear, loose with grief, great grief, wandered round and round where the whiter face lay, set like a dimming pearl in the jet-black sky, violet-rimmed where the sun had set for ever, silvered softly by the dozing stars, sinking deeper into the darkness soon to for ever hide the wan hope of Ireland waning." And this describes part of a brawl between Johnny's two brothers, Mick and Tom, and the constables in a barroom; one

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of the constables has hit Johnny: "Dazed with the blow as Johnny was, he saw the lovely sight of Mick sending a short jab to the constable's jaw that tilted up his head with a jerk, and, when the poor man's head was well up, a straight-left beauty to the poor man's chin that sent him in a curled-up heap to the floor . . . while the barman hurried and scurried and worried to fetch a glass of brandy for the fallen bowsy, a red dribble dodging down his own nose. . . . Johnny in the midst of them, with a red ear and it tingling, praying the hand that struck him might be paralyzed, that the eyes would have the power to see nothing but the paralyzed hand, the ears hear nothing but the people talking about the paralyzed hand, and the tongue have but the power to point it out to others."

Despite a few excessive Joycean borrowings, the style of this autobiography is authentic and individual. Yet in affirming the poetry of life, O'Casey speaks not alone for himself but for the creative millions who "will vivify the sad music of humanity into a surging song of never-ending activity and glorious work."

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Plant in the Sun

NOW AND ON EARTH, *by Jim Thompson. Modern Age. $2.50.*

HERE is a novel that really ought to be read, because it extends our knowledge of what goes on in America. Richard Wright says it's as true as "a birth or death certificate"—it is, and it has most of the truth in between those two documents. I don't know any book that has been written with quite such a desperate need to unpack wounds, to relieve unbearable pressures. At the end you feel the pressures have been relieved and a man is ready to act.

The book is about a writer, Jim Dillon, who like most writers is badly in need of money and doesn't live by writing: he's coming home from a new job in an airplane plant and is greeted (as the hero in the role of wage-earner) by his daughter, Jo. If you read just this opening two-page chapter, you'll know what the book is about.

It starts the family going and they're really candescent, so much so that the book could fall into the category of "color" books if the movement of life were not propelled with unfaked agony. There is sickness, there is pain and brutality. But there are other things. There is a wife who is able to delve under the surface abrasions to a love that doesn't change, and knows she gets what she gives. The children are something—not many children, I'd say fortunately, have quite the Dillon guts but what they have is what life at its source breeds up against oppression. If you can't lick children, you can't lick the final reserves of the free spirit. The family part of *Now and on Earth* has plenty of *tour-de-force,* explosive illuminations of the life of the living—it has a frankness seldom achieved and in fact seldom attempted.

The airplane plant part of the book is even more important—in a time when the public wants to know about war production, this is it. Here is the chance to see the shift from small to large production; the way money, human beings, and haste are scrambled together in a number one chaos that finally adds up to keeping 'em flying. The resolving chaos of the plant is neatly mixed with the family: there is even a sense of how values come out of personal turmoil, out of the mystery of involvement, fury, and pain, the same way they come out of the clamoring factory. The people come through. They have values—they get them worked out no matter what the pressure. And there is an episode at the end of the book, in the story of plant production, that, if representative, is as heartening as any that has come along. The old process of Red-baiting is worked into in a particularly easy frame: Dillon, a former Communist, is up for investigation as a possible saboteur. The investigators have sense and establish finally that Dillon is working in the mesh of chaos as well and efficiently as anybody else. The charges are dropped. The implication is that there is the will to use the resources of the country without labels, scares, or hysterical persecutions, which is the way to win a democratic war.

Now and On Earth is a strong plea for the people to be allowed to live this side of heaven, now, when it counts. Give them the chance for it, and they'll fight.

MILLEN BRAND.

Migratory Workers

ILL FARES THE LAND, *by Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown & Co. $3.*

CAREY MCWILLIAMS has done a truly magnificent job in combining his intimate firsthand knowledge of conditions among migratory farm workers with wide and careful study of documentary material. His book is so readable, with its restrained and convincing fervor, that it should reach a very wide public.

And it is needed by a very wide public, since Mr. McWilliams makes it forever impossible for us in the East and the Middle West to cast self-righteous aspersions at Oklahoma and California.

"Okies" from Kentucky are laboring in the muck of Ohio onion fields. Mexicans from Texas are herded in unspeakable covered wagons—crouched and smothered under tarpaulins in trucks that speed northward across state lines. Evading attempts to check the interstate traffic in laborers, the trucks are loaded with "produce." Truck farms around New York and Philadelphia, potato fields of Maine and Long Island, fruit farms of Florida and Georgia, beet sugar in Colorado, apples in Washington—wherever crops require intensive cultivation and much seasonal labor, large-scale farm

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employers and destitute migrants are reenacting with minor variations *The Grapes of Wrath.*

Ill Fares the Land does more than paint an authentic and unforgettable human picture. It includes a comprehensive and constructive analysis of the ways in which migrant workers are excluded from rights of citizenship. By moving about they forfeit their claim to the most elementary forms of public relief. Neither migrants nor "resident" farm wage workers are covered by the social legislation which has been developed under pressure from organized workers. Themselves almost wholly unorganized, they have the lowest wages, the worst living conditions, and the most meager social rights. Excluded even from workmen's compensation laws (except in four states), farm laborers are entirely outside the scope of the social security and fair labor standards acts passed by Congress in recent years.

Mr. McWilliams seems well aware that such problems can be really solved only by the organized action of the victims themselves. But he shows the peculiar difficulties of organization among farm laborers and makes a stirring plea for action on their behalf by non-farm labor and the well-intentioned "public." He also shows how the extreme exploitation of agricultural labor on large-scale farms makes even more difficult the already precarious position of the non-employing working farmer.

Right here, however, there is one flaw that mars the excellence of Mr. McWilliams' book. He includes a special chapter on the "agricultural revolution" in which he pictures the growth of large-scale farming—quite correctly—as definite and relentless. He shows that great capitalist farms at one extreme and destitute farms at the other are two aspects of a single economic process. But in his clear picture of trends within agriculture, he lets the reader lose sight of the extent to which medium-sized farms are still in operation.

Actually the process of ruin is much slower in dairy, livestock, and grain farming than in fruits, vegetables, sugar beets, and other intensive crops. Farms of all types with medium income ($1,000 to $4,000 product) still numbered close to 1,800,000 in the census of 1940 and produced considerably more than two-fifths of the total farm output. Many of these are small part-time employers, many of them have tractor equipment, but they are in no sense "large-scale farms" or "factories in the field." Their economic existence is threatened, but they are still a force to reckon with and their efforts to organize and survive are extremely important to the nation.

Mr. McWilliams, I am sure, had no intention of blurring the significance of this middle group, but his strong emphasis on the two extremes might lead the reader to assume that it had already been wiped out by the trends which threaten these survivors of an earlier day.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

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"GUERRILLA BRIGADE"

The new Soviet film is a superb tribute to the fighters who twist the Nazi tail. In the spirit of Chapayev. . . Woody Guthrie on songs that will help bury the Axis.

HE CAME home along the railway line, because it was a short cut to the village, and the German patrol picked him up. Two others, arrested for suspicion of guerrilla activities, were to be shot. Even then Nedolya didn't understand; he was an old Ukrainian peasant, he was used to wheat and plowing and horses; not to German war. Don't shoot them, he begged the German commander; they're good men—why, they have little children at home. What a pity, said the commander. They were shot.

Even then, old Nedolya didn't understand. "That's my village," he said, pointing as they topped the hill. The thatched roofs lay peaceful in the level Ukrainian sunlight, and the cowbells tinkled.

"It's a nice village," remarked the German patronizingly.

"It's a beautiful village," said Nedolya.

The commander signed to his big guns. Shells tore into the thatch; the cow pastures exploded in the sunshine; the roofs flew upward, fragments of houses and furniture and people whirling against the sky. In the space of a minute the village crumbled in its defenseless valley. There was no village.

Nedolya fell upon the ground, hiding his face in his arms, in the dear grass; anything, so as not to see.

"Tell them that's what happens to people who resist us!" barked the German. "Do you hear?"

Nedolya raised his head. "I hear. I understand."

It was not long after that he gathered his band of guerillas and rode to join Chubenko. It was not so long after that the guerrillas came out of the woods and struck, driving the Germans from the fortified city. Then it was Commander Nedolya who trapped the Prussian generals, along with Chubenko the miner and Vanya the sailor, with the old fisherman who died to gain time for his comrades to reach their guns, with the pretty girl who danced her way through a German ambush to warn the guerrillas.

That is how the people rise up in *Guerrilla Brigade,* the new Soviet film at the Stanley, which deals with the German invasion of the Ukraine in 1917-18. The insulted and injured, the tortured and murdered, who will not lie quiet in their graves or cower in their houses; they slip off to the woods with their horses, they appear suddenly and strike, their women come at the invader with pitchforks and their small boys stone the German officer. The Donbas miners gather; the Black Sea fishermen gather. When the peaceful villages are torn apart by shellfire, one word explains it. *Niemets,* the people say—the German. And the people know what they have to do.

This film was made in the Ukraine; the Nazis captured the negative, but prints got away, one of them to America. So we can see, now, the faces of the people we have been reading about, whom we know from the newspaper reports and the hasty radiophotos of hanged boys and girls with smirking Nazis in the foreground. Never was a Soviet film a more magnificent tribute to the common man—his suffering, his heroism, his triumphs. Indeed it is hard to think of *Guerrilla Brigade* as a film at all, or of its men and women as actors; the thing is a piece of living history.

Yet, considered solely as an imaginative film, *Guerrilla Brigade* is still a superb job. Swiftly paced, electric in its crackling transitions and dramatic climaxes, it abounds in scenes of almost terrifying power. For instance, there is the attempted execution of Chubenko. The guerrilla leader walks along the edge of the sea with a squad of executioners at his heels, singing quietly to himself. This shocks the German officer.

"Stop singing; you're going to be hanged!" he says in his own language. Chubenko pretends not to understand.

"*Aufgehangen, aufgehangen!*" repeats the officer gloatingly, kindly illustrating his point with a gesture toward his own throat.

"Oh . . . *aufgehangen!*" says Chubenko. He goes on singing. A moment later, turning suddenly, he dives over the cliff into the sea and begins to swim. . . .

Then there is the underground meeting, betrayed by a Quisling (they had Quislings then), in which the unarmed Chubenko holds off with a whip the Germans who are trying to take him alive. Or there is Chubenko's equally magnificent struggle against an attack of typhus when he is facing the enemy. Quite a man, this Chubenko, this worker turned fighter; the sort of man that Chapayev was, and the film about him is in the great tradition of *Chapayev.* The acting and direction are splendid; the score, based on characteristic Ukrainian themes, is first-rate music. But the greatness of *Guerrilla Brigade* is something which transcends all this. When I saw it I took a girl who had never seen a Soviet film before; she came out tremendously stirred, tremendously excited.

"I've never seen anything like it . . . how

"A Game of Football," by Henri Rousseau at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

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do they do it?" she said. "It's not like a movie—it's people. It's what life is!"

ALL THE TALENT in the world could not have made the film *Jungle Book* anything but a heartbreaking disappointment. Children have to learn, as they grow up, that wolves do not really bring up babies, wise brown bears give moral advice to the young, or snakes converse in polite sibilance. It is a sad and disappointing discovery; the Jungle Books in writing make a delightful child's world, but the Jungle Books on the screen, with real wolves and tigers and talkative though artificial cobras, simply cannot be believed. Disney, whose domain is fantasy, might have put it over; Korda has merely produced a florid technicolor spectacle with singularly crude dialogue. The substitution of an unconvincing plot about a native village for Kipling's account of Mowgli's jungle childhood does not help matters. Joseph Calleia does what he can with the main villain's role; Sabu is a picturesque Mowgli; acting honors are stolen by the remarkably expressive tiger who plays Shere Khan. But any child's dream picture of the jungle is a better fairytale.

TO CONNOISSEURS of thrillers, the Frankenstein films have always had a horrible beauty peculiarly their own. For all their trumpery science and sensational plotting, they have provided moments of cold and fantastic power reminiscent of Poe; moments of sudden poetry; moments of inspired tragedy in which the monster, fumbling for human understanding, seemed to sum up the whole history of a man's loneliness. Well, it was all Boris Karloff. For *The Ghost of Frankenstein,* the latest in the series, leave Mr. Karloff out, and becomes, in consequence, merely another piece of nonsense about a gruesome golem. Bela Lugosi, Ralph Bellamy, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke cannot make all their efforts add up to the haunting intensity which the extraordinary Mr. Karloff used to get into one inarticulate snarl; while Lon Chaney, Jr., as the monster, is just a big hunk of monster. In short, *The Ghost of Frankenstein* is very dead.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Songs to Bury the Axis

Woody Guthrie on Hitler's own Graveyard Blues.

SINGING is a rough and tumble business. It has been ever since the rough and tumble pioneer people were chopping out a living for themselves, using every kind of a tool they could lay their hands on, and among them was a tool they used in hurrying up their work—their songs. To working people, singing has never been a sissy thing. It's a good hard-hitting way of getting your thoughts off your chest.

A song is just another way of telling a story or making a speech. Just a conversation that you can repeat over and over. And a meeting hall full of people singing is just like everybody in the place making a speech at the same time—one big speech.

Singing works fine when it comes to getting you into the notion of working or fighting harder. You can try to make a speech in the middle of town and maybe go to jail before you get it said; but if you sing nearly the same words in a crowded saloon you will probably get nickels tossed at you.

Where does singing fit in the fight against Hitler? This fight is the biggest job before us, not only in the United States but in all the Allied countries; and even in the countries "conquered" by Hitler they are singing their songs of revolt and freedom—Hitler's own Graveyard Blues. It is a song about production, about a war of production—in other words, a war of work. Very likely you wouldn't call this an anti-Hitler song:

Well, I come down just to pick a bale of cotton;
Yes, I come down just to pick a bale a day!
Me and my wife, we can pick a bale of cotton;
Me and my wife, we can pick a bale a day!
O, Lordy, pick a bale of cotton;
O, Lordy, pick a bale a day!

It is anti-Hitler, though, because it's a song about work. This is a war of work, and is being fought by folks that never knew anything else but. (But if we all sing the song, and don't pick the cotton—that's bad.)

How could you get me to drive my tractor faster, longer hours, and take better care of the tractor? Just let me know, over and over, that you realize how hard I've worked already, and sing me some songs that tell me how I'm helping to beat the Axis and make the world a better place for my kids to live in. Instead of singing on your nickel machines all about cigarettes in the dark, and spilt champagne, let me hear some songs about people that do the working and the fighting.

There are thousands of good old tales and ballads made up and sung by the people I come from—and I'm proud of every note of them. As long as those people make them up, keep adding something new, giving them a new twist just as they give some new twist to their working or battling every day—they come a little closer to the truth that everyone should know. This is how and why people's songs travel. Slowly, maybe—but they can never be stopped.

Anything human is anti-Hitler. We have to hold on to it, nourish and multiply it, put it in circulation. Human beings like human songs. Why should you put nickels in a machine to hear moonstruck, floating, mystical, lost and re-lost music and singing that insults your life, your work, your fighting, and learning about things? A song should tell you something that happened to other people like yourself. When you hear about them, about their hard work, their troubles, their pleasures, their politics, you get a feeling that you're not by yourself, you're working, laugh-

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ing, marching, and shooting side by side with 130,000,000 folks just like you.

I went into a New York burger joint the other night and heard a tune called "You're a Sap, Mister Jap." Songs like this are not backbone builders for our soldiers, sailors, or civilians; because they don't begin to stand for the real, hard-hitting spirit of the American people I know. This kind of nickel box music is imitation. And as long as I mistake the imitation songs for the real way my people think, I'm not a good useful citizen, not doing my part to exterminate all the big and little Hitlers. If you're interested in learning the American lingo as people talk it, then go out among the people and listen to their songs. Go down to the union hall—you'll hear the union members singing Hitler's head off. There are thousands of good union songs, and to know them is one of the finest educations to be had.

Gonna grab me a machine gun,
'Bout a hundred feet long;
Gonna play little Adolph his Graveyard Song;
It's after all my hard travelin',
Things is 'bout comin' my way. . . .

For the most part the songs are rough, easy going, and pretty simple. They tell the facts quick and easy. Some take ten seconds to sing, others will take you half a night. The people that wrote them might not have been expert spellers, but they're expert human beings and expert workers and fighters. In many cases the lines that ought to rhyme, just don't. But there is a great big something that runs over all of these little things like a wave over a sand castle. That's the feeling that everybody is ready to stop Hitler dead.

I'm gonna tell you, Mister Hitler,
And all of your thievin' kind—;
It'll take just a five cent bullet, man,
To ease your restless mind . . .

In Harry Bridges' own local, in 'Frisco, the Almanac Singers sang. Two thousand of the hardest working men in the world clapped their hands and yelled till the plaster cracked. Later the longshoremen told us, "That's our kind of singing; we're glad it wasn't this sissy movie stuff. . . ." Texas oil-boom chasers have told me, "Music and singing like that makes me mighty glad to be here."

The songs I've quoted are from the Almanac Singers' collection, and what I say is based on the Almanacs' viewpoint. Music and singing are a long subject, which got started way, way back and hasn't quit yet. But what we want to remember right now is that singing has helped soldiers and civilians to beat down other enemies, and it will probably be with a song that we let Adolph Hitler down into his long, lonesome six-by-three.

When you get mean, and crazy, Mister Hitler,
And your heart gets cold . . .;
There ain't nothing gonna help you, Mister Hitler,
But the graveyard grove. . . .

WOODY GUTHRIE.

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1935—November 19; 1936—October 20, November 3; 1937—February 23, March 2, 9, October 12, November 2, 16; 1938—March 15, March 22, 29, April 12, September 20; 1939—May 2, 16, August 29, November 28; 1940—April 2, July 23, September 3, October 22; 1941—February 11, 18, August 12.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

April

16—Workers School, registrations all week, 35 East 12th, afternoon and evening.

17-30—British, Chinese and Russian War Relief, Art and the Stars, Exhibit of paintings loaned by stars of stage, screen and radio, Demotte Galleries, 39 East 51st St.

17—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Prof. Edwin Berry Burgum, "Propaganda Value of Art in War," Esthetics chapter, 237 E. 61st, 8:30 P.M.

17—People's Forum, Joseph Starobin, "Why the India Negotiations Failed," 52 East 13th, 8:30 P.M.

18—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, Dr. Margaret Schlauch, N.Y.U., on "Languages, Race and Politics Today," Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St.

18 — Crown Heights Allied War Relief, Jamboree, Del, Josh White, Dancing, etc. 1190 St. Johns Pl., B'klyn, N. Y.

18—School for Democracy, Concert, "In Time of Battle—Music for Victory," Town Hall.

19 — Workers School Forum, Carl Bristel, "Strategy for Victory," 35 East 12th St., 8:30 P.M.

22—School for Democracy, Spring Registration all week, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

23—Russian War Relief, Si-Lan Chen and Group, Dances of U.S.S.R., China and West Indies, Barbizon Plaza Theater, 6th Ave. & 58th St.

24—West Side I.W.O. Forum, Jeanne Rubinstein, "Trend of Books on the War," 220 West 80th St., 9 P.M.

24—New Masses 3rd annual Art Auction continued, ACA Gallery, 26 W. 8 St., 8 P.M.

25 — Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn., 1st annual ball, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

25—American People's Chorus, Concert, United Nations Night, songs and dances of the Allied Nations, in costume, Victory Room, Irving Plaza, 15th St. & Irving Pl.

May

2—Allaben Acres, Reunion & Dance, Geo. Washington Hotel, 23rd & Lexington.

8—NEW MASSES theatre benefit, "Comes the Revelation," new play with Will Geer, Jolson Theatre.

10—Russian War Relief, recital, "Music at Work," supervision Marc Blitzstein, Alvin Theatre, W. 52nd St.

June

22—American Council on Soviet Relations, Celebration First Anniversary Soviet Union's great battle against the Nazi invaders. Place to be announced.

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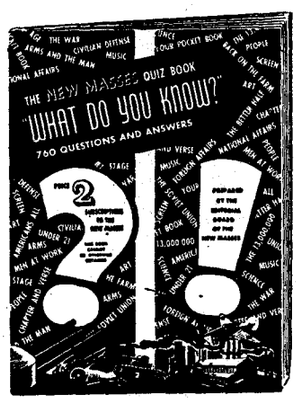

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